

# *THE MUSIC MAN*

*Book, Music and Lyrics by*

MEREDITH WILLSON

*Story by Meredith Willson  
and Franklin Lacey*



*G. P. Putnam's Sons New York*

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## Author's Preface

The brilliance of Morton Da Costa's staging and direction of *The Music Man* has been observed and praised by many. I should like to say that Mr. Da Costa's genius also includes playwriting and editing of the highest order, which talents he exercised unstintingly in the creative collaboration that brought *The Music Man* to life.



*The Music Man* produced by Kermit Bloomgarden with Herbert Greene in association with Frank Productions, Inc., opened at the Majestic Theatre, New York City on December 19, 1957 with the following cast:

# CAST

(In order of appearance)

TRAVELLING SALESMEN .....	Russell Goodwin, Hal Norman, Robert Howard, James Gannon, Robert Lenn, Vernon Lusby, Robert Evans
CHARLIE COWELL .....	Paul Reed
CONDUCTOR .....	Carl Nicholas
HAROLD HILL .....	Robert Preston
MAYOR SHINN .....	David Burns
EWART DUNLOP .....	Al Shea
OLIVER HIX .....	Wayne Ward
JACEY SQUIRES .....	Vern Reed
OLIN BRITT .....	Bill Spangenberg
MARCELLUS WASHBURN .....	Iggie Wolfington
TOMMY DJILAS .....	Danny Carroll
MARIAN PAROO .....	Barbara Cook
MRS. PAROO .....	Pert Kelton
AMARYLLIS .....	Marilyn Siegel
WINTHROP PAROO .....	Eddie Hodges
EULALIE MACKECKNIE SHINN .....	Helen Raymond
ZANEETA SHINN .....	Dusty Worrall
GRACIE SHINN .....	Barbara Travis
ALMA HIX .....	Adnia Rice
MAUD DUNLOP .....	Elaine Swann
ETHEL TOFFELMIER .....	Peggy Mondo
MRS. SQUIRES .....	Martha Flynn
CONSTABLE LOCKE .....	Carl Nicholas

RIVER CITY TOWNSPEOPLE AND KIDS

Pamela Abbott, Babs Delmore, Martha Flynn, Janet Hayes, Peggy Mondo, Barbara Williams, Elaine Swann, Marie Santella, Marlys Watters, James Gannon, Russell Goodwin, Robert Howard, Peter Leeds, Robert Lenn, Hal Norman, Carl Nicholas, Joan Bowman, Alice Clift, Nancy Davis, Penny Ann Green, Lynda Lynch, Jacqueline Maria, Marilyn Poudrier, Pat Mariano, Elisabeth Buda, Babs Warden, Tom Panko, Ronn Cummins, Robert Evans, Vernon Lusby, Gary Menteer, John Sharpe, Roy Wilson, Gerald Teijelo, Bob Mariano, Vernon Wendorf.

*The Music Man* was directed by Morton Da Costa

Choreography by Onna White

Settings and Lighting by Howard Bay

Costumes by Raoul Pene Du Bois

Musical Direction and Vocal Arrangements by Herbert Greene

Orchestration by Don Walker and Sidney Fine

Dance Arrangements by Laurence Rosenthal

## Musical Synopsis of Scenes

### ACT I.

*Scene 1.* A Railway Coach. Morning, July 4, 1912.

ROCK ISLAND . . . *Charlie Cowell & Travelling Salesmen*

*Scene 2.* River City, Iowa. Center of Town. Immediately following.

IOWA STUBBORN . . . . . *Townspeople of River City*  
TROUBLE . . . . . *Harold and Townspeople*

*Scene 3.* The Paroos' House. That evening.

PIANO LESSON . . . . . *Marian, Mrs. Paroo, Amaryllis*  
GOODNIGHT MY SOMEONE . . . . . *Marian*

*Scene 4.* Madison Gymnasium Thirty minutes later.

SEVENTY SIX TROMBONES . . *Harold, Boys and Girls*  
SINCERE . . . . . *Olin, Oliver, Ewart, Jacey*

*Scene 5.* Exterior of Madison Library. Immediately following.

THE SADDER-BUT-WISER GIRL . . . . . *Harold and*  
*Marcellus*  
PICKALITTLE . . *Eulalie, Maud, Ethel, Alma, Mrs. Squires,*  
*Ladies of River City*  
GOODNIGHT LADIES . . . . . *Olin, Oliver, Ewart, Jacey*

*Scene 6.* Interior of Madison Library. Immediately following.

MARIAN THE LIBRARIAN . . . *Harold, Boys and Girls*

*Scene 7.* A Street. The following Saturday noon.

*Scene 8.* The Paroos' Porch. That evening.

MY WHITE KNIGHT . . . . . *Marian*

*Scene 9.* Center of Town. Noon, the following Saturday.

WELLS FARGO WAGON . . . . . *Winthrop and*  
*Townspeople*

ACT II.

*Scene 1. Madison Gymnasium. The following Tuesday evening.*

IT'S YOU ..... *Olin, Oliver, Ewart, Jacey, Eulalie,  
Maud, Ethel, Alma and Mrs. Squires*

SHIPPOOI ..... *Marcellus, Harold, Marian, Tommy,  
Zaneeta, and Kids*

PICKALITTLE REPRISE ..... *Eulalie, Maud, Ethel,  
Alma, Mrs. Squires and Ladies*

*Scene 2. The Hotel Porch. The following Wednesday evening.*

LIDA ROSE ..... *Olin, Oliver, Ewart, Jacey*

WILL I EVER TELL YOU ..... *Marian*

*Scene 3. The Paroos' Porch. Immediately following.*

GARY, INDIANA ..... *Winthrop*

*Scene 4. The Footbridge. Fifteen minutes later.*

IT'S YOU REPRISE ..... *Townspeople, Boys and Girls*

TILL THERE WAS YOU ..... *Marian and Harold*

*Scene 5. A Street. Immediately following.*

SEVENTY SIX TROMBONES and GOODNIGHT  
MY SOMEONE ..... *Harold and Marian*

*Scene 6. Madison Park. A few minutes later.*

TILL THERE WAS YOU REPRISE ..... *Harold*

*Scene 7. River City High School Assembly Room. Immediately following.*

FINALE ..... *Entire Company*

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## ACT ONE

1:55 Action scene

3min 29 sec.

## Scene 1

Start

TIME: The morning of July 4th, 1912

PLACE: On a train somewhere in Iowa

AT RISE: Train effect scrim rises on a red-plushed, kerosene-lamped, enamel-drinking-cupped railway coach in full cry. One seat has been turned in the coach to accommodate a card game—the participants being three travelling salesmen and a stranger whose back is to the audience and who is concentrated throughout the scene on winning every pot, which he drops by handfuls into an open suitcase on the floor by his side. A fourth salesman is kibitzing. A few seats forward in the coach a fifth salesman is reading a newspaper, until he finds himself drawn into the conversation among the salesmen. Several other passengers are behind newspapers. We hear “train-slowng-down” music. The train slows and stops.

X CONDUCTOR

(Poking head into Coach L) *Attention*

River City Junction—River City next station stop!

(He exits)

SALESMAN #1

You're crazy with the heat. Credit is no good for a notion salesman.

THE MUSIC MAN

X CONDUCTOR

*(Poking head into coach again)*

Boart! All aboard!

*(Exits)*

SALESMAN #2

Why not? What's the matter with credit?

SALESMAN #1

*Why* It's old-fashioned. Charlie, you're an anvil salesman. Your firm give credit?

*(Train makes starting noise in orchestra)*

CHARLIE

No sir!

SALESMAN #1

Nor anybody else.

*(Train starting)*

X CONDUCTOR

River City, ~~River City~~ next. *Station stop. River City.*

SALESMAN #1

Cash for the merchandise—cash for the button-hooks—

SALESMAN #3

*(Nodding)*

Cash for the cotton good—cash for the hard goods—cash for the soft goods—

SALESMAN #1

Cash for the fancy goods—

ACT ONE SCENE 1

SALESMAN #2

*Cash* for the noggins and the piggins and the firkins.

SALESMAN #3

*Cash* for the hogshead, cask and demijohn. *Cash* for the crackers, and the pickles and the *fly*-paper.

SALESMAN #4

*(Train at running speed)*

Look whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadaya-talk, whadayatalk?

SALESMAN #5

Wheredayagitit?

SALESMAN #4

Whadayatalk?

*Start here*

SALESMAN #1

Ya can talk, ya can talk, ya can bicker, ya can talk, ya can bicker bicker bicker, ya can talk, ya can talk, ya can talk, talk, talk, talk, bicker, bicker, bicker, you can talk all ya wanna but it's differnt than it was.

CHARLIE

*(Ill-tempered)*

No it ain't, no it ain't, but ya gotta know the territory.

SALESMAN #3

Chi chi chi chi chi chi. Why it's the Model T Ford made the trouble, made the people want to go wanna git wanna git wanna git up and go 7,8,9,10,12,14,22,23 miles to the county seat—



# THE MUSIC MAN

SALESMAN #1

Yes sir Yes sir

SALESMAN #3

Who's gonna patronize a little bitty *two-by-four* kinda store anymore?

*(As each newspaper reader speaks HE lowers his paper long enough for his line, then it goes back up before his face)*

SALESMAN #4

Whatdayatalk, whatdayatalk.

NEWSPAPER #1

Wheredyagitit.

CHARLIE

Not the Model T at all, take a gander at the store, at the *Modren* store, at the present day store at the present day modren departmentalized groc'ry store.

SALESMAN #4

Whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

SALESMAN #5

Wheredayagitit.

SALESMAN #4

Whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

SALESMAN #5

Wheredayagitit.

ACT ONE SCENE 1

SALESMAN #1

Ya can talk, ya can bicker, ya can talk, ya can bicker, ya can talk, talk, talk, talk, bicker, bicker, bicker, ya can talk all ya wanna but it's differnt than it was.

CHARLIE

No it ain't, but ya gotta know the territory.

SALESMAN #3

Why, it's the Uneeda Biscuit made the trouble U-needa, U-needa, put the crackers in a package, in a package/the U-needa Biscuit in an air-tight sanitary package made the cracker barrel obsolete, obsolete.

CHARLIE

Obsolete, obsolete, obsolete.

X SALESMAN #4

Cracker barrel went out the window with the Mail Pouch cut plug chawin' by the stove...*changed* the approach of a travelin' salesman made it pretty hard—

CHARLIE

No it didn't no it didn't, but ya gotta know the territory.

SALESMAN #3

Gone, gone.

SALESMAN #1

Gone with the hogshead, cask and demijohn, gone with the sugar barrel, pickle barrel, milk pan, gone with the tub and the pail and the tierce.

SALESMAN #2

Ever meet a fellow by the *name a' Hill*?

THE MUSIC MAN

Hill? SALESMAN #1 *Rem.*

Hill! CHARLIE *Bot*

Hill? SALESMAN #3 *Whaley*

Hill? *X* SALESMAN #4

Hill? NEWSPAPER #1 *Char*

Hill? NEWSPAPER #2 *Bot*

Hill? *X* NEWSPAPER #3

Hill! *3rd & 4th*  
SALESMAN #5 *Er.*

No! ALL BUT CHARLIE  
(ALL NEWSPAPERS go back up)

CHARLIE  
Just a minute, just a minute, just a minute—

*X* SALESMAN #4  
Never heard a' any *salesman* Hill—

ACT ONE SCENE 1

SALESMAN #2

Now, he doesn't know the territory—

SALESMAN #1

Doesn't know the territory?

SALESMAN #3

What's the fella's line?

SALESMAN #2

Never worries 'bout his line.

SALESMAN #1

Never worries 'bout his line?

SALESMAN #2

Or the cracker barrel bein' obsolete, or the Uneeda Biscuit in an air-tight sanitary package or the Model T Ford—

CHARLIE

Just a minute, just a minute, just a minute—

SALESMAN #2

Never worries 'bout his line—

SALESMAN #3

Never worries 'bout his line.

SALESMAN #2

Or a doggone thing. *He's just a* bang beat bell-ringin' big haul, great go, neck-or-nothin' rip-roarin', ever'time-a-bull's-eye *salesman*, that's Professor Harold Hill, *Harold Hill*.

THE MUSIC MAN

X SALESMAN #5

Tell us—what's his line? What's his line?

CHARLIE

He's a fake, and he doesn't know the terr—

X SALESMAN #4

Look Whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk.

SALESMAN #2

He's a music man—

SALESMAN #3

He's a what? He's a what?

SALESMAN #2

He's a music man and he sells clarinets to the kids in the town with the big trombone and the ratatat drums and the big brass bass, big brass bass. And the piccolo the piccolo uniforms too with the shiny gold braid on the coat—and a big red stripe running—

SALESMAN #1

Well—I don't know much about bands, but I do know you can't make a livin' sellin' big trombones or ratatat drums—No sir. Mandolin picks, perhaps, and here and there a jews-harp—

SALESMAN #2

No, the fella sells bands. *Boys Bands*. I don't know how he does it but he lives like a king, and he dallies and he gathers, and he plucks and he shines and when the man dances, certainly, boys, what else: the piper pays him. Yesss—sir.

ACT ONE SCENE 1

Yes sir Yes sir Yes Sir. When the man dances, certainly boys, what else, the piper pays him.

ALL

Yes sir. Yes sir.

CHARLIE

But he doesn't know the territory!  
(*Orchestra button. Train stops.*)

CONDUCTOR

(*Off*)

River City! River City!

(*Enters*)

River City! We're cross the state line into Iowa. River City!  
Population twenty two hundred and twelve. Seegarettes  
illegal in this state. Booart!

(*He exits*)

CHARLIE

All right, if you're all through I'll tell you about Harold Hill!

SALESMAN #5

You really know Harold Hill?

CHARLIE

Never saw him in my life but I know this much—he's giving every one of us a black eye! After he's worked a town over, the next salesman to arrive gets automatically tarred and feathered and rode out to the city limits on a rail.

(*THEY laugh*)

You think that's funny. Well, wait till it happens to you!  
Your hair *never grows back*.

(*He pulls off hat. THEY react*)



## THE MUSIC MAN

SALESMAN #1

But why should he get rode out'a town on a rail?

CHARLIE

Because in order to sell band instruments, *and* uniforms, *and* instruction books, he has to guarantee to teach the kids to play.

SALESMAN #3

Well?

CHARLIE

*And* to form them kids into a band! With himself as the leader!

SALESMAN #2

What's wrong with that?

CHARLIE

He don't know one note from another that's what's wrong with that! He can't tell a bass drum from a pipe organ! I'll catch up with that swindlin' two-bit thimble rigger, and when I do I'll squeal on him so loud—

SALESMAN #2

*(Laughing)*

Wow, you're mad, Charlie! Sure like to be around when you catch up with that fella.

CHARLIE

Well it won't be on this trip. Not in Iowa. Even the great Professor Hill wouldn't try to sell them neck-bowed Hawk-eyes out here.

ACT ONE SCENE 1

CONDUCTOR

(Off)

Booaart!

(THE STRANGER makes a fast decision, grabbing his winnings and suitcase)

STRANGER

Gentlemen, you intrigue me. I think I'll have to give Iowa a try.

CHARLIE

(Coldly)

Don't believe I caught your name.

(STRANGER turns and we see him for the first time. It is our hero. HE flashes suitcase which bears the legend "PROF. HAROLD HILL" and exits from train as all heads go out the windows. Coach splits in two to reveal a full stage view of River City's Main Street immediately following. The town is in 4th of July bunting and the stubborn Iowans are out in force.)



## Scene 2

*TIME: Immediately following*

*AT RISE: River City, Iowa, center of town, exterior.  
Townspeople are seen en tableau.*

*(MAYOR SHINN enters from the Billiard Parlor, leaving  
the door open for 2 WORKMEN who enter carrying a  
large crate containing a visible pool table which they  
take into the Billiard Parlor)*

TOWNSPEOPLE

*(Sing)*

Oh, there's nothing halfway about the Iowa way  
to treat you

When we treat you

Which we may not do at all.

There's an Iowa kind of special chip-on-the-shoulder  
attitude

We've never been without

That we recall.

We can be cold as our falling thermometers in  
December

If you ask about our weather in July.

And we're so by God stubborn we can stand  
touchin' noses

For a week at a time and never see eye-to-eye.

But what the heck, you're welcome,

Join us at the picnic,

ACT ONE SCENE 2

You can eat your fill of all the food you bring  
yourself.  
You really ought to give Iowa a try.  
Provided you are contrary.

BOY

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

MAN

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

SHINN

It is, if you wanta go round in your drawers all day.  
(*Music phrase*)

ALMA

And there I was in the Madison Hospital and nobody come  
to see me. Cousin Will never come, Aunt Bertha never  
come—

ETHEL

Your Aunt Bertha's dead.

ALMA

She wouldn't a'come anyway.

TOWNSPEOPLE

(*Sing*)

We can be cold as our falling thermometers in  
December  
If you ask about our weather in July  
And we're so by God stubborn we can stand  
touchin' noses

## THE MUSIC MAN

For a week at a time and never see eye-to-eye

*(A capella à la chorale)*

But we'll give you our shirt

And a back to go with it

If your crops should happen to die

*(The 2 WORKMEN leave Billiard Parlor carrying pool table packing case frame to center, as FARMER & WIFE who have entered meet down center. THEY turn inside frame for short pose as Grant Wood's "American Gothic.")*

FARMER

*(Breaking pose to sing in tempo)*

So what the heck, you're welcome

Glad to have you with us

FARMER & WIFE

Even though we may not ever mention it again

TOWNSPEOPLE

You really ought to give Iowa

Hawkeye Iowa

Dubuque, Des Moines, Davenport, Marshalltown,

Mason City, Keokuk, Ames, Clear Lake

Ought to give Iowa a try.

*(HAROLD crosses to business front labelled*

*"RIVER CITY LIVERY STABLE, JACEY SQUIRES,*

*Prop." HAROLD addresses a short, wiry man*

*about 36, JACEY SQUIRES)*

HAROLD

Ah, Mr. Squires? Yes, I'm interested in a rig for Sunday,  
if you could accommodate me.

ACT ONE SCENE 2

JACEY

*(In a high-pitched tenor)*

Then I expect you'd ought to see the man in charge a'hirin rigs.

*(Exiting into Livery Stable, he turns)*

Who is late as usyal.

*(MARCELLUS WASHBURN, roundish, perspiring, enters hurriedly from the wings. At livery stable door he takes out his key. As he is about to open the door he looks up and sees HAROLD, rubs his eyes in disbelief)*

MARCELLUS

Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD

Marcellus!

MARCELLUS

You old son of a gun! What in—

HAROLD

*(Hastily pushing aside proffered hand)*

Sh—sh—shhh.

MARCELLUS

But Greg—

HAROLD

Professor Hill's the name—Harold Hill.

MARCELLUS

But Greg, what are you doing here? Whyn't you let me know you was comin'?

## THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

I didn't know I was myself. Besides how could I know you'd end up in a little tank town like this? You were a pretty big slicker when you were in business with me.

MARCELLUS

Too many close shaves the way you work. Besides I got me a nice comfortable girl—Ethel Toffelmier—boss's niece.

HAROLD

Gone legitimate, huh? I knew you'd come to no good.

MARCELLUS

What's the new pitch?

(HAROLD *pantomimes conducting*)

You're not back in the band business! I heard you was in steam automobiles.

HAROLD

I was.

MARCELLUS

What happened?

HAROLD

Somebody actually invented one.

MARCELLUS

No!

HAROLD

Now give me the lowdown here, Marce.

ACT ONE SCENE 2

MARCELLUS

You'll never get anywhere in the band business with these stubborn Iowans, Greg. Besides we got a stuck-up music teacher here who'll expose you before you get your grip unpacked.

HAROLD

Male or female?

MARCELLUS

The music teacher? She's the librarian—female.

HAROLD

Perfect! That's what I wanted to hear. If she passes by point her out to me.

MARCELLUS

I will. How you gonna start the pitch?

HAROLD

Same old way. Keep that music teacher off balance—and then my next step will be to get your town out of the serious trouble it's in.

MARCELLUS

River City isn't in any trouble.

HAROLD

Then I'll have to create some. I have to create a desperate need for a Boys Band. You remember—Now what's new around here. What can I use?

MARCELLUS

Nothin'—except the billiard parlor's just put in a new pool table.

THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

They never had a pool table here before?

MARCELLUS

No—only billiards.

HAROLD

That'll do.

*(He puts down his suitcase.)*

See you later, Marce—and don't forget—music teacher.  
*(He pantomimes piano playing.)*

MARCELLUS

*(Pantomiming, as he exits)*

Music teacher

*(HAROLD approaches EWART DUNLOP who has come out of his grocery and is looking up at his sign.)*

HAROLD

Ah—you're Mr. Dunlop?

EWART

Yep.

HAROLD

3:40  
Either you're closing your eyes to a situation you don't wish to acknowledge or you are not aware of the calibre of disaster indicated by the presence of a pool table in your community.

*(As HAROLD continues, PEOPLE gather around him one by one.)*

(Slam) Ya got

Trouble,—my friend,

(Slam) Right here, I say

Trouble right here in River  
City. Why sure, I'm a

(N.B. The word  
*Slam* in the fol-  
lowing merely de-  
notes a rhythmic  
pulse)

ACT ONE SCENE 2

Billiard player, certainly  
Mighty proud I say I'm always  
Mighty proud to say it.  
(Slam) I consider that the  
Hours I spend with a  
Cue in my hand are  
Golden. (Slam)  
(Slam) Help you cultivate  
*Horse* sense and a  
*Cool* head and a  
*Keen* eye. 'Jever take and try to give an iron-  
clad leave to yourself from a three-rail billiard  
shot?  
(Slam) But just as I  
Say it takes judgment,  
Brains and maturity to  
Score in a balkline  
Game, *I Say* that any  
*Boob* (Slam) kin  
Take 'n' *Shove A*  
*Ball in a Pocket*.  
(Slam) And I call that  
Sloth! The first big  
Step on the road to the  
Depths of deg-ra-  
Day—I say first—  
(Slam) Medicinal  
Wine from a teaspoon,  
*Then*—beer from a  
Bottle. (Slam) And the  
Next thing you know your  
Son is playin' fer  
Money in a pinch-back  
Suit. (Slam) And



## THE MUSIC MAN

List'nin to some big  
Out-a-town Jasper  
Hearin' him tell about  
Horse-race gamblin'.  
(Slam) Not a wholesome  
Trottin' race. No! But a  
Race where they se' down  
Right on the horse!  
(Slam) Like to see some  
Stuck-up Jockey-boy  
Settin' on DAN  
PATCH? Make your bood  
Boil? Well I should  
Say. (Slam) *Yes*  
Friends, lemme tell you what I  
Mean. (Slam) Ya got  
*One two*  
*Three four*  
*Five six*  
Pockets in a table!  
Pockets that mark the  
Diff'rence, between a  
Gentleman and a  
Bum with a capital  
B and that rhymes with  
P and that stands fer  
Pool. (Slam) And  
All week long your  
River City youth'll be  
Frittern away, I say  
Your young men'll be  
Frittern (Slam)  
Frittern away their  
Noon-time, Suppertime,

ACT ONE SCENE 2

Chore-time, too!

(Slam) Get the ball in the  
Pocket, never mind gittin'  
Dandelions pulled, or the  
Screen door patched or the  
Beefsteak pounded.

(Slam) And never mind  
Pumpin' any water till your  
Parents are caught with the  
Cistern empty on a  
Saturday night and that's  
Trouble, ~~oh~~ yes we got  
Lots and lots a'

Trouble, I'm thinkin' of the  
Kids in the knickerbockers  
Shirt-tail young-ones  
Peekin' in the Pool Hall  
Winda after school,  
Look Folks!

(Slam) Right here in River  
City (Slam)

Trouble with a capital  
T and that rhymes with  
P and that stands for  
Pool. (Slam) Now I know  
All you folks are the  
Right kind a' Parents.

(Slam) I'm going to be  
Perfectly frank

(Slam) Would you like to know  
What kinda conver-  
sation goes on while they're  
Loafin' around that  
Hall? They're tryin' out

## THE MUSIC MAN

Bevo, tryin' out  
Cubebs, tryin' out  
Tailor Mades like  
Cigarette Feends!  
(Slam) and braaaggin'  
All about how they're gonna  
Cover up a tell-tale  
Breath with Sen Sen.  
One fine night  
(Slam) They *leave* the  
Pool Hall, headin' fer the  
Dance at the Arm'ry!  
Libertine men and  
Scarlet women! and  
RAG-TIME  
Shameless music that'll  
Grab your son and  
Your daughter with the  
Arms of a jungle  
Animal instinct  
MASS-steria!  
(Slam) Friends, the  
Idle brain is the  
Devil's Playground.

(*The PEOPLE answer HAROLD*)

Trouble (oh we've got  
Trouble) Right here in River  
City! (Right here in  
River City!) With a capital  
T and that rhymes with  
P and that stands for  
Pool (That stands for  
Pool) We've surely got

ACT ONE SCENE 2

Trouble! (We've surely got  
Trouble) Right here in River  
City! (Right here!)  
(Slam) Gotta figger out a  
Way t'keep the young ones  
Moral after  
School! (Our children's  
Children gonna have  
Trouble!)

CHORUS

Trouble—trouble  
Trouble—trouble  
(*continues in background*)

HAROLD

Mothers of River City! Heed the warning before it's too late! Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption! The ~~moment~~ <sup>moment</sup> your son leaves the house does he rebuckle his knickerbockers *below the knee*? Is there a nicotine stain on his index finger? A dime novel hidden in the corn crib? Is he memorizing jokes out of Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang? Are certain words creeping into his conversation? Words like "swell" and "so's your old man"? If so, *My friends—*

(*Slam*) (*Slam*)

Ya got  
Trouble (Oh we've got  
Trouble) Right here in River  
City! (Right here in River  
City) With a capital  
T and that rhymes with  
P and that stands for  
Pool. (That stands for  
Pool!) We've surely got  
Trouble! (We've surely got

## THE MUSIC MAN

Trouble!) Right here in River  
City! (Right here!)  
(Slam) Remember the  
Maine, Plymouth  
Rock and the Golden  
Rule! (Our children's  
Children gonna have  
Trouble!) Oh we've got  
Trouble. We're in  
Terrible terrible  
Trouble—that game with the  
Fifteen numbered  
Balls is the Devil's  
Tool! (Devil's  
Tool!) Oh yes we got  
Trouble Trouble  
Trouble! (Oh yes we got  
Trouble here we got big big  
Trouble) With a  
T! (With a capital  
T) Gotta rhyme it with  
P! (That rhymes with  
P) And that stands for  
Pool! (That stands for  
Pool!)

*(PEOPLE hold for finish. As they start a reprise  
MARCELLUS runs on excitedly, waves to  
HAROLD and starts pantomiming wild piano  
arpeggios indicating the approach of the  
piano-teacher librarian)*

### PEOPLE

Trouble! Oh we've got  
Trouble. Right here in River

ACT ONE SCENE 2

City! Right here in  
River City. With a capital  
T and that rhymes with  
P and that stands for  
Pool. That stands for  
Pool! We've surely got  
Trouble! We've surely got  
Trouble! Right here in River  
City! Right here in River  
City! Gotta figger out a  
Way t'keep the young ones  
Moral after Schoooooool.

*(The voices collapse, the PEOPLE freeze in a "dim," the Walking Theme segues immediately as the librarian—an attractive YOUNG LADY picked up in follow spot—hurries through in tempo. HAROLD follows her off. The traveller closes behind him.)*

### Scene 3

*TIME: Immediately following.*

*SCENE: Before traveller depicting the street. HAROLD intercepts MARIAN re-entering. As they walk along the traveller, the music continues.*

HAROLD

*(Offering his own handkerchief)*

Did you drop your—

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

Didn't I meet you in—

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

I will only be in town a short while—

MARIAN

Good!

*(The porch now appears Left. MARIAN enters house, slamming door in HAROLD'S face. LIGHTS FADE fore-stage and come up behind scrim where we see the*

ACT ONE SCENE 3

*interior of a small house. The scrim rises. A small-fry freckle-faced eight-year-old girl is playing the piano. MRS. PAROO, a cheerful-looking forty, continues her household chores, as AMARYLLIS plays, in halting tempo where she isn't sure and too fast where she is.)*

MRS. PAROO

*(Calling. Speaks in Irish brogue)*

That you, Daughter?

MARIAN

*(Off-stage)*

Yes, mama. Keep on, Amaryllis. I'll be there in a minute.

*(On the down-beat of the fourth bar, AMARYLLIS plays the melody note a half tone too high, and turns around to appeal wordlessly to MRS. PAROO who, in the manner of one well-accustomed to this occurrence, plays the correct note as automatically as she does her other tasks. AMARYLLIS happily starts over, apparently the usual step in this well-worn routine. Again the wrong note—again the correction. As AMARYLLIS settles herself for the third go-round, MARIAN enters in a hurry)*

MARIAN

Hello, Mama.

*(MARIAN crosses in front of piano in time to correct Amaryllis' clinker)*

Fine, dear. Now your exercises.

*(MARIAN kisses her mother)*

AMARYLLIS

*(Replacing her piece in music roll)*

Yes mom.



## THE MUSIC MAN

MRS. PAROO

I don't remember the liberry bein' open last Fourth a' July.

MARIAN

It was, Mama—all evening. Mama, a man with a suitcase has been following me all over town.

MRS. PAROO

Oh—Who?

MARIAN

I never saw him before.

MRS. PAROO

Did he say anything?

MARIAN

He tried.

MRS. PAROO

Did you say anything?

MARIAN

Mama, of course not. Now don't dawdle, Amaryllis.

(AMARYLLIS *begins her exercises*. MARIAN *sings along*)

Sol do

La re

Ti mi, a

Little slower and

Please keep the fingers

Curved as nice and

High as you possibly can.

Don't get faster, dear.

(MARIAN *winds metronome*)

ACT ONE SCENE 3

MRS. PAROO

If you don't mind my saying so, it wouldn't have hurt you  
to find out what the gentleman wanted.

MARIAN

I know what the gentleman wanted.

MRS. PAROO

What, dear?

MARIAN

You'll find it in Balzac.

MRS. PAROO

Excuse me fer livin' but I've never read it.

*(AMARYLLIS repeats in new key, as MARIAN beats out  
strict time, as she sings:)*

MARIAN

Neither has anyone  
Else in this town

MRS. PAROO

There you go again with that  
Same old Comment—a-  
Bout the low mentality of  
River City people and  
Takin' it all too much to heart.

MARIAN

Now, Mama as long as the—

*(Exercise continues)*

Madison Public Library was en-  
Trusted to me for the

## THE MUSIC MAN

Purpose of improving River  
City's cultural level I  
Can't help my concern that the  
Ladies of River City keep ig-  
Noring all my counsel and ad-  
Vice.

MRS. PAROO

But darling, when a

*(Exercise continues)*

Woman's got a husband and  
You've got none  
Why should she take ad-  
Vice from you  
Even if you can quote  
Balzac and Shakespeare and  
All them other hifalutin'  
Greeks.

MARIAN

Mama, if you

*(Exercise continues)*

Don't mind *my* sayin' so, you  
Have a bad habit of  
Changing ev'ry subject—

MRS. PAROO

Now I

Haven't changed the subject. I was  
Speakin' of that stranger—

MARIAN

What

Stranger?

ACT ONE SCENE 3

MRS. PAROO

With the suitcase who  
May be your very last chance!

MARIAN

Mama! Do you

*(Exercise continues)*

Think that I'd allow a common  
Masher—now really, Mama!  
I have my standards where  
Men are concerned, and I  
Have no intention—

MRS. PAROO

—I know

All about your standards and if you  
Don't mind my sayin' so, there's  
Not a man alive who could  
Hope to measure up to that  
Blend a'Paul Bunyan, Saint  
Pat and Noah Webster you've con-  
Cocted for yourself outa your  
Irish imagination, your Iowa  
Stubbornness and your liberry fulla' books.

*(Finé chord from AMARYLLIS)*

MARIAN

*(Hands on hips, gets slightly Irish in her exasperation)*

Well, if that isn't the best I've ever heard!

AMARYLLIS

Thank you. Can I have a drink, please?

THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

*May* I have a—

AMARYLLIS

May I have a drink, please?

MARIAN

Yes, dear.

*(As AMARYLLIS starts to the sink, a ten-year-old boy with a set, sullen face enters without a word, heading for bedroom door upstage)*

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop. It's after dark.

*(WINTHROP halts in his tracks)*

Is that a way to walk into the house?

WINTHROP

Hello.

*(HE tries to exit)*

MRS. PAROO

That won't do at all. I'll have a kiss from my boy.

*(WINTHROP walks to his mother, stands stubbornly in her embrace for a moment, then starts out again)*

The lady over there is your sister, young man.

*(HE repeats the uncooperative performance with MARIAN)*

AMARYLLIS

Hello, Winthrop.

*(WINTHROP stares at the floor)*

ACT ONE SCENE 3

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where's your manners.

AMARYLLIS

I'm having a party on Saturday. Will you please come?

*(Silence)*

I would especially like it very much if you'd come...  
Winthrop?

*(Silence)*

MRS. PAROO

Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin' or aren't you?

WINTHROP

No.

MRS. PAROO

No what?

WINTHROP

No, thank you.

MRS. PAROO

You know the little girl's name.

AMARYLLIS

He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

MRS. PAROO

We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop.

## THE MUSIC MAN

AMARYLLIS

I'll bet he won't say it.

*(Tiptoeing closer to WINTHROP, SHE tries to peer into his face)*

WINTHROP

No thank you, Amaryllith.

*(AMARYLLIS hops up and down giggling gleefully)*

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllith—Amaryllith.

*(SHE moves closer to WINTHROP, stoops and looks up into his face as he continues to stare at his feet. SHE turns to MRS. PAROO with surprise)*

He's crying.

*(WINTHROP bolts out of the room, MRS. PAROO following him.)*

Why does he get so mad at people—just because he lisps?

MARIAN

It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it, Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS

What's the other part?

MARIAN

Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much.

AMARYLLIS

Not even to you and your mother?

MARIAN

No, dear. We all have to be a little patient.

ACT ONE SCENE 3

AMARYLLIS

I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me—but I do him—every night—I say goodnight to him on the evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it, too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, goodnight. Sleep tight."

*(SHE starts to cry)*

MARIAN

There, darling, don't cry, you have lots of time. If not Winthrop, there'll be someone else.

AMARYLLIS

Never! I'll end up an old maid like you.

*(SHE catches herself)*

I'm sorry, Miss Marian. Can I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

May I play my—

AMARYLLIS

May I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

You may.

AMARYLLIS

See, without a sweetheart you have no one to say goodnight to on the evening star.

MARIAN

I know, Amaryllis. For the time being just say "goodnight my—someone." You can put the name in when the right someone comes along.



## THE MUSIC MAN

AMARYLLIS

All right. It's better than nothing.

MARIAN

Yes it is... Now you can play your cross-hand piece.

AMARYLLIS

*(Settling herself)*

Now I *may* play my cross-hand piece.

*(MARIAN sings as she goes to window and looks at the evening star.)*

MARIAN

*(Sing)*

Goodnight, my someone, goodnight, my love,  
Sleep tight, my someone, sleep tight, my love,  
Our star is shining its brightest light  
For goodnight, my love, for goodnight.  
Sweet dreams be yours dear, if dreams there be  
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me  
I wish they may and I wish they might  
Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight  
True love can be whispered from heart to heart  
When lovers are parted they say  
But I must depend on a wish and a star  
As long as my heart doesn't know who you are  
Sweet dreams be yours dear, if dreams there be  
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me  
I wish they may and I wish they might  
Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight.  
Goodnight, Goodnight.

*(AMARYLLIS has come to the window as  
MARIAN is concluding the song, and sings the  
final lines with her.)*

DIMOUT

## Scene 4

*TIME: Thirty minutes later*

*AT RISE: Interior of the Madison Gymnasium in River City High School which appears to be well-filled. It is sparingly decorated with red, white and blue bunting. EULALIE MACKECKNIE SHINN, fifty and gushy, costumed as COLUMBIA with a torch in her hand, leads the singing of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" as ETHEL TOFFELMIER, a curvaceous 35, sways at the player piano, pumping an "expressive" accompaniment. At the conclusion of the number EULALIE steps down from the rostrum and exits to polite applause. MAYOR GEORGE SHINN steps forward. He is self-important.*

SHINN

I'm sure we're all grateful to my wife, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn for leading the singing and to Jacey Squires for his fine stereoptican slides—

*(JACEY wheels the stereoptican machine off)*

and to Ethel Toffelmier, our fine player-piano player—piano. As Mayor of River City I welcome you River Citizians to the Fourth of July exercises set up for the indoors here in Madison Gymnasium account the weather. Four score—

*("Flap-flap-flap-flap" interrupts the MAYOR's speech. It is the end of the piano roll which MISS TOFFELMIER has*

---

## THE MUSIC MAN

*been re-winding. SHINN looks around indignantly, then resumes his speech.)*

Four score—

*(EWART DUNLOP rises from his seat in front of MAYOR and hands him a note)*

*(SHINN reading)*

Ah—the members of the School Board will now present a patriotic tablow.

*(The three members of the School Board who are seated on the rostrum indicate he is wrong. He looks at note again)*

Oh—the members of the School Board will *not* present a patriotic tablow. Some disagreement about costumes, I suppose. Instead the Wa Tan Ye girls of the local wigwam of Heeawatha will present a spectacle my wife—

*(Catching himself he looks at notes again)*

in which my wife—

*(MARIAN hurries in with music sheets, seats herself at the piano, starts to play Indian rhythm. The MAYOR indicates he has not finished. She stops)*

Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn, will take a leading part.

*(He nods to MARIAN and she plays as six lovely corn-fed seventeenish girls appear and mount the rostrum. Each wears a feather in a head-band and they are doing an Indian war dance step. EULALIE precedes them in full Indian head-dress, carrying a tom-tom which she beats to MARIAN'S Indian rhythm. AMARYLLIS, dressed as a Guide, follows her, struggling with a Springfield rifle. EULALIE, beating the Tom Tom, adjusts the Guide's sagging rifle.)*

EULALIE

*(Peering right)*

Wa Tan Ye!

ACT ONE SCENE 4

GIRLS

*(Peering right)*

WA TAN YE!

EULALIE

*(again adjusting the rifle, then peering left)*

Wa Tan Ye!

GIRLS

WA TAN YE!

EULALIE

I will now count to twenty in the Indian tongue! Een teen tuther feather fip!

*(TOMMY DJILAS, a sixteen-year-old with obviously "poor" clothes, seated on the floor in front of EULALIE now sets off a large firecracker. EULALIE swoons.)*

I'm shot, George! George! Who shot me?

*(The MAYOR comforts her, aiding her exit. There is considerable disturbance.)*

CONSTABLE LOCKE

*(Rising)*

Who set off that cracker?

GRACIE SHINN

I know who did it! Tommy Djilas did it—Tommy Djilas did it!

ALMA

Yes, it was Tommy Djilas!

CONSTABLE LOCKE

*(As TOMMY tries to escape)*

---

THE MUSIC MAN

Tommy Djilas, I wouldn't leave if I see you.

(TOMMY *sits*. CONSTABLE LOCKE *joins him ominously*.)

SHINN

(*Returning to rostrum*)

Mrs. Shinn will recover, no thanks to a certain young ruffian who is a disgrace to our city. Four score and seven—

(JACEY SQUIRES *re-enters, crosses to rostrum, hands MAYOR a note, and takes empty seat with rest of the School Board*)

"The Paine's Fireworks Spectacle, Last Days of Pomp-ee-eye will take place, providing the rain stops by nine-thirty. It'll be out to Madison Picnic Park in the far meadow, 'cross the crick from the Pest House."

EWART DUNLOP

How can it be raining? Didn't the Gazette predict fair?

JACEY SQUIRES

Sure did, Ewart, that's why we all prepared for a storm.

OLIN BRITT

The Gazette is accu'r't most a'the time and you know it, Jacey.

OLIVER HIX

You wouldn't last very long in the bankin' business bein' accur't most a'the time.

(*A verbal free-for-all is under way*.)

SHINN

Now just a minute—let's have order here! Order! Order!

(*The quarrel subsides. The men sit. A train whistle is heard. All the MEN take out their watches*.)

ACT ONE SCENE 4

OLIVER

Hmm. Number eight's late again tonight.

JACEY

I make her early.

EWART

She's late alright.

OLIN

She's right on time, 'smatter'th your watch?

*(They're off again. SHINN struggles for order)*

SHINN

Will you members of the School Board stop bicker'n in public?

OLIN

All in the world that I said was—

SHINN

*(Hastily)*

Never mind! Four score—

HAROLD HILL

*(Half rising from where he has been an unobserved spectator)*

We heard there's a pool table in town.

MAN

Yeah—that's what I heard.

SHINN

Now just a minute—

THE MUSIC MAN

MAUD

Is it a pool table or isn't it?

SHINN

Will you allow me to get on with the exercises?

MAN #2

We don't want any more exercises till we get this pool table matter settled!

HAROLD HILL

Let's protect our children.

(CROWD reacts)

Resist sin and corruption.

(CROWD reacts)

Smite that devil and keep our young boys pure.

(CROWD reacts)

HAROLD

(*Appearing on the podium*)

Friends

May I

Have Your attention

Please? (Slam) At-

*Tention, please* (Slam) (Slam) I can

Deal with this trouble

Friends, with a wave of my

Hand, this very

Hand—please ob-

Serve me if you

Will . . . I'm Pro-

Fessor Harold

Hill! And I'm

*Here*—to organize the

ACT ONE SCENE 4

River City Boys  
Band! (Roll) Oh,  
Think, my friends, how could  
Any pool table ever  
Hope to compete with a  
Gold trombone?  
Raaaa—raaaa  
Ra-da-da-da-da  
Raaa—Ra. Re-  
Member, my friends, what a  
Handful of trumpet players  
Did to the famous  
Fabled Walls of  
Jericho! (Slam) Oh  
*Billiard Parlor*  
Walls come tumbling  
Down! (Slam)  
(Slam) (Slam) Oh a  
*Band*'ll do it, my  
Friends, oh yes! I mean a  
*Boys Band*. Do you  
Hear me? (Slam) I say  
River City's gotta have a  
*Boys Band* and I  
Mean she needs it to-  
Day (Slam) Well, Pro-  
fessor Harold  
Hill's on hand and  
River City's gonna have her  
Boys Band—as  
Sure as the Lord made  
Little green apples and that band's gonna be in uniform!  
Johnny, Willy, Teddy, Fred!  
And you'll see the glitter of crashing cymbals,



### THE MUSIC MAN

And you'll hear the thunder of rolling drums, the shimmer  
of trumpets—Tantara!

And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once  
enjoyed

When Gilmore (Slam) Liberatti (Slam) Pat Conway  
(Slam)

The Great Creatore (Slam) W. C. Handy (Slam) and  
John Philip Sousa

All came to town on the very same historic day

(Sing)

Seventy six trombones led the big parade  
With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand

They were followed by rows and rows  
Of the finest virtuo-

sos, the cream of ev'ry famous band.

Seventy six trombones caught the morning sun

With a hundred and ten cornets right behind

There were more than a thousand reeds

Springing up like weeds

There were horns of ev'ry shape and kind

There were copper bottom tympani in horse  
platoons

Thundering, thundering all along the way

Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons

Each bassoon having his big fat say

There were fifty mounted cannon in the battery

Thundering, thundering louder than before

Clarinets of ev'ry size

And trumpeters who'd improvise

A full octave higher than the score.

(HAROLD *parades with the* KIDS)

---

ACT ONE SCENE 4

CHORUS

Seventy six trombones hit the counterpoint  
While a hundred and ten cornets blazed away  
To the rhythm of Harch—Harch—Harch  
All the kids began to march  
And they're marching still—right today!

*(There is a choreographic interpolation in which all the KIDS (Dancers) carried along by the spirit of the song, pantomime instruments. The number winds up with the entire ensemble parading. As they disperse, SHINN corners the SCHOOL BOARD)*

SHINN

Men, this calls for emergency action. That man is a spell binder. I haven't seen Iowa people get so excited since the night Frank Gotch and Strangler Lewis lay on the mat for three and a half hours without moving a muscle! Never mind! I want his credentials.

*(TOMMY DJILAS, being escorted out by CONSTABLE LOCKE, suddenly cuts and runs. Reversing his field he runs into HAROLD who holds him)*

Grab that hoodlum! He almost blew up Mrs. Shinn!

CONSTABLE

Thank you, Professor. Have to make an example of him. Ringleader, you know. What he does the gang does.

TOMMY

Jeely Kly, lemme go

## THE MUSIC MAN

SHINN

Ya wild kid ya. Hanging around my oldest girl. His father is one a'them day laborers south a'town. Ya wild kid, ya.

(*To HAROLD*)

Taggin' down Main Street after my oldest girl last Sunday.

TOMMY

I wasn't either taggin'.

SHINN

Don't you contradict me!

TOMMY

We 'uz just walkin' together, Jeely Kly—

SHINN

You watch your frazology! I know what you'uz doin', my little Gracie seen ya. Now you stay away from my oldest girl or you'll hear from me till who laid the rails! Hill, I'll talk to you Monday morning about this band thing. Over't City Hall. Ten o'clock sharp.

(*Aside as he exits*)

Men, I want that spell-binder's credentials.

HAROLD

(*As CONSTABLE starts off with TOMMY*)

Constable, I'll be responsible for the boy.

CONSTABLE

You don't know this kid—he's tough, and he's got his gang waitin' outside.

HAROLD

Oh, I'll be careful. Tommy, like to talk to you about the band.

---

ACT ONE SCENE 4

TOMMY

Aw gee, Professor, that's for the little kids.

HAROLD

I'm not talking about you playing in the band. You're mechanically minded, aren't you? Ever do anything with perpetual motion?

TOMMY

*(Sullenly)*

Nearly had it a couple times.

HAROLD

You did? You're my man! Do you realize nobody has ever invented a music-holder for a marching piccolo player?

*(He holds arms in piccolo playing position.)*

No place to hang the music.

TOMMY

*(Impressed)*

Jeely Kly! Wonder where I could get some wire from.

HAROLD

Look in your cellar, that's where people keep wire.

*(TOMMY starts tearing out. The CONSTABLE makes a move, HAROLD restrains him.)*

Oh Tommy!

TOMMY

*(Stopping in midflight)*

Yessir?

*(CONSTABLE LOCKE reacts in astonishment at the "sir")*

THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

*(Aside to CONSTABLE)*

Now, Constable, I'll show you how to break up a gang.

*(Looks around, sees several Wa Tan Ye girls about to exit, beckons to the last one, very pretty, pink and sixteen)*

Oh young lady. Oh miss—

*(She turns)*

What's your name?

ZANEETA

*(Approaching)*

Zaneeta. I didn't have any idea you was beckoning to me.  
Ye Gods,

HAROLD

Do you know Tommy Djilas?

ZANEETA

Well, I—

HAROLD

Tommy, this is Zaneeta. Escort the young lady home.

ZANEETA

Only excepting I'm not going home. I have to go't the Liberry, Ye Gods.

HAROLD

Then escort the young lady home by way of the library—

*(Takes out money)*

by way of the candy kitchen.

TOMMY

*(Grinning)*

Yes sir. Do I hafta?

ACT ONE SCENE 4

HAROLD

You hafta.

TOMMY

Yes sir.

ZANEETA

*(As she and TOMMY exit)*

Ye Gods.

CONSTABLE

Professor, you're a pretty bright young fellow. You made a couple mistakes, though.

HAROLD

Oh?

CONSTABLE

The Mayor happens to own the Billiard Parlor and that new pool table.

HAROLD

Oh. What was my other mistake?

CONSTABLE

That Zaneeta. She's the Mayor's oldest girl.

*(As HAROLD starts to cross to the LADIES who have entered Right, the SCHOOL BOARD approaches him from Left)*

EWART

*(The second tenor)*

Just a minute—Professor Hill. We'd like to have your credentials. We're the School Board.

THE MUSIC MAN

OLIN

*(The bass) (Contradicting)*  
Academic certificates.

OLIVER

*(The baritone, to OLIN, with irritation)*  
Nothing of the kind!

EWART

*(The 2nd tenor, to OLIVER, irascibly)*  
We need letters and papers!

JACEY

*(The high tenor, to the OTHERS, nastily)*  
Make him put up a bond!

HAROLD

What am I *hearing*?  
*(Whirling back to OLIN, blows pitch pipe)*  
Say *(sings on low note)* Ice Creeeem.

OLIN

Ice Cream, but I don't sing young man, if that's what you're—

HAROLD

All right, talk then. *(Low)* Down here!

OLIN

Ice Cream.

HAROLD

Talk slow!

ACT ONE SCENE 4

OLIN

*(In a rich rolling bass)*

Ice Creeeeem.

HAROLD

See? Singing is only sustained talking.

*(Pointing to OLIVER—sings on a baritone note)*

Now youuuuuu.

OLIVER

*(In a full baritone)*

Ice Creeeeeeem.

HAROLD

*(To EWART)*

Now youuuuuu. Right heeeer.

EWART

Ice Creeeeeeem.

HAROLD

*(Points skyward to JACEY)*

Now, you, sir!

JACEY

*(On the high note)*

Ice Creeeeeeemmmmmmmmm.

HAROLD

*(Crossing to the ladies)*

Ladies, from now on you'll never see one of those men  
without the other three.



## THE MUSIC MAN

EULALIE

Oh, Professor, you're wrong! Why they've hated each other for fifteen years.

JACEY, EWART, OLIN, OLIVER

*(Behind HAROLD's back they hit a gorgeous chord)*

Ice Creeeeeemmmmm!

*(HAROLD smugly joins the MEN as they are shaking hands all around and congratulating each other)*

HAROLD

*(Sings, pointing at QUARTET)*

How can there be

QUARTET

any sin in sincere

Where is the good in goodbye?

Your apprehensions confuse me dear

Puzzle and mystify

Mystify

*(MARIAN exits with HAROLD in pursuit. The LADIES move upstage as the lights dim and the QUARTET moves down in front of closing traveller in a follow spot)*

Tell me

What can be in farewell, dear

While one single star shines above

How can there be any sin in sincere?

Aren't we sincerely in love?

Oh we're in love.

*(As QUARTET holds its last gorgeous note we BLACKOUT. The music segues to Walking Theme.)*

## Scene 5

*TIME: Immediately following*

*AT RISE: Lights come up on the street in front of the Library*  
*Walking Theme accompanies MARIAN'S entrance. HAROLD is following.*

HAROLD

I don't suppose you live alone, or anything?

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

I've got some wonderful caramels over't the hotel if you'd—  
(MARIAN *and Music stop abruptly*)

MARIAN

Mister Hill.

HAROLD

Professor Hill.

MARIAN

Professor of what? At what college do they give a degree for annoying women on the street like a Saturday night rowdy at a public dance hall?

## THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

Oh I wouldn't know about that. I'm a Conservatory man myself. Gary Indiana Gold Medal Class of '05.

MARIAN

Even should that happen to be true does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mister Hill, I'm not as easily mesmerized or hoodwinked as some people in this town and I think it only fair to warn you that I have a shelf full of reference books in there which may very well give me some interesting information about you.

*(She exits into the Library. As HAROLD starts after her, MARCELLUS enters)*

MARCELLUS

Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD

Oh hi, Marcellus. And don't call me Greg.

MARCELLUS

How'd you make out with the music teacher?

HAROLD

Scrumptious. Ate out of my hand the minute I tipped my hat.

MARCELLUS

She did! Boy, did you cut a swath over't the high school tonight. For a minute even I thought you knew somethin' about leadin' a band. Just like when you used to imitate that band-concert fellow back in Joplin.

ACT ONE SCENE 5

HAROLD

Yeah!

*(He pantomimes conducting)*

Aw—kid stuff. I'm in rare form these days, son. Just you keep your eyes on me for the next four weeks.

MARCELLUS

Four weeks! It only used to take *ten days* for the instruments to arrive.

HAROLD

It still does. But it takes four weeks for the uniforms.

MARCELLUS

Oh, no, Greg! You haven't added uniforms!!

HAROLD

Uniforms *and* instruction books.

MARCELLUS

Instruction books! But you can't pass yourself off as a music professor—I mean, not for any four weeks.

HAROLD

*(Reproachfully)*

Marce—

MARCELLUS

But you don't know one note from another.

HAROLD

I have a revolutionary new method called the Think System where you don't bother with notes.

---

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARCELLUS

But in four weeks the people will want to hear the music!  
You'll have to lead a band.

HAROLD

But when the uniforms arrive they forget everything else—  
at least long enough for me to collect and leave. Oh this is  
a refined operation, son, and I've got it timed right down to  
the last wave of the brakeman's hand on the last train out'a  
town. And now, Mr. Washburn, if you'll excuse me—

MARCELLUS

Gonna line yourself up a little canoodlin' huh?

HAROLD

Well—

MARCELLUS

Say, I could fix you up with Ethel's sister—lovely girl—  
teaches Sunday School—

HAROLD

No wide-eyed, eager, wholesome innocent Sunday School  
teachers for me. That kinda girl spins webs no spider ever—  
listen, boy—

HAROLD

*(Sings)*

A girl who  
Trades on all that purity merely wants to  
Trade my independence for her security. The  
Only affirmative she will file re-  
Fers to marching down the aisle. No

ACT ONE SCENE 5

Golden, glorious, gleaming pristine goddess—  
No sir!

For no Diana do I play faun. I can tell you that  
right now.

I snarl, I hiss: How can ignorance be compared  
to bliss?

I spark, I fizz for the lady who knows what time  
it is

I cheer, I rave for the virtue I'm too late to save  
The sadder-but-wiser girl for me.

No bright-eyed blushing breathless baby-doll baby  
Not for me. That kinda

Child Ties Knots No sailor ever knew

I prefer to take a chance

On a more adult romance

No dewy young miss who keeps resisting all the  
time she keeps insisting

No wide-eyed wholesome innocent female. No sir.

Why she's the fisherman, I'm the fish, you see?—  
PLOP!

I flinch, I shy, when the lass with the delicate air  
goes by

I smile, I grin, when the gal with a touch of sin  
walks in

I hope, I pray, for Hester to win just one more "A"

The sadder-but-wiser girl's the girl for me

The sadder-but-wiser girl for me.

*(HAROLD is starting towards the library as the  
WOMEN come chattering in, EULALIE hanging  
back. MARCELLUS escapes. HAROLD is sur-  
rounded)*

ALMA

Oh, Professor Hill, we're all agog—simply agog!

## THE MUSIC MAN

MAUD

On the que veev!

MRS. SQUIRES

Everyone's so excited about the band.

ETHEL

*(Loud voice)*

I'm Ethel Toffelmier. The pianola girl?

MAUD

And this is Mrs. Squires, and Mrs. Hix. And of course you met Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn? Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting, Eulalie?

EULALIE

Oh, I couldn't say. I *could not say*. Oh no. I could not say, at this time. My husband will wish to investigate, I'm sure. And naturally I'm reticent. Oh yes, I'm reticent.

HAROLD

Of *course*, Mrs. Shinn, I understand. But you see, part of my music plans include a committee on the dance and—no wait—wait! Do that again, Mrs. Shinn!

*(She looks behind her, mystified)*

Your foot! The way you raised it, just now!

MRS. SHINN

*(Lifting foot slightly)*

Oh. Well. I have a bunion there that bothers—

HAROLD

Ohhh what grace! What natural flow of rhythm! What expression of line and movement!

ACT ONE SCENE 5

EULALIE

Mister Hill!

HAROLD

You *must* accept the chairmanship of the Ladies Auxiliary for the Classic dance, mustn't she, ladies?

THE WOMEN

Oh yes! Please! You must, Eulalie.

HAROLD

Every move you make, Mrs. Shinn, bespeaks Del Sarte. Will you—will you? Say yes, Mrs. Shinn!

MRS. SHINN

*(Moving forward amid flutters, she murmurs)*  
Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn—ah—well! I—ah—that is— Dancing! Well!

HAROLD

Then you accept?

EULALIE

Yes indeed! And I would like to say—

HAROLD

Thank you. Now the young lady who plays the piano—Marian Paroo, I believe?

*(The LADIES all gasp and instantly huddle.)*  
After all she is the librarian.

ALMA

Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore



## THE MUSIC MAN

ALMA AND ETHEL

Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore

ALL

Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore  
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheep

### SECOND CHORUS

*(Continues as background to following dialogue)*

MAUD

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any committee. Of course I shouldn't tell you this but she advocates *dirty books*.

HAROLD

Dirty books!

ALMA

Chaucer!

ETHEL

Rabelais!

EULALIE

Bal-zac!

MAUD

And the *worst* thing—of course I shouldn't tell you this but...

ACT ONE SCENE 5

THIRD CHORUS

ALMA

I'll tell.

ETHEL

The man lived on my street. Let me tell.

EULALIE

*(Grabs the ball determinedly)*

Stop! I'll tell.

*(Everything stops)*

She made brazen overtures to a man who never had a friend  
in this town till *she* came here—old Miser Madison.

HAROLD

*(Puzzled)*

Miser Madison. Madison Gymnasium, Madison Picnic Park,  
Madison Hospital—that Miser Madison?

MAUD

Exactly. Who'd he think he was anyway?

HAROLD

Well I should say. Show off. Gave the town the library too,  
didn't he?

ETHEL

That's just it. When he died he left the liberry building to  
the city—

MAUD

But he left all the books to her!

THE MUSIC MAN

EULALIE

She was seen going and coming from his place.

ALMA

Oh yes. Oh yes.

(LADIES *continue with "Pickalittle"*)

That woman made  
Brazen overtures  
(Slam) (Slam) With a  
Gild-edge guaran-  
Tee. She had a  
Golden glint in her  
Eye and a silver  
Voice with a counterfeit  
Ring. (Slam) Just  
Melt her down and you'll reveal a  
Lump of lead as cold as steel  
Here! (Thump) where a  
Woman's heart should  
Be!

EULALIE, ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL, MRS. SQUIRES

He  
Left River City the  
Library building but he  
Left all the books to  
Her!

ALMA

Chaucer!

ETHEL

Rabelais!

ACT ONE SCENE 5

EULALIE

Bal-zac!

(THE LADIES *all continue* "Pickalittle" *forte* as HAROLD tries to escape. THE QUARTET enters.)

JACEY

Just a minute here! We need your credentials.

HAROLD

Yes, of course, I have just what you want over at the Hotel. Come with me.

(As they start to follow him, he turns back to the LADIES who are still singing "Pickalittle.")

Goodnight ladies.

(They "Cheep cheep cheep" at him. He turns to QUARTET and sings contrapuntally)

Goodnight ladies,

(THE QUARTET immediately picks it up and HAROLD escapes into the Library as the LADIES and QUARTET finish the number together, the LADIES still singing "Pickalittle.")

QUARTET

Goodnight ladies, Goodnight ladies

We're going to leave you now

Farewell ladies, Farewell ladies, Farewell ladies,

We're going to leave you now.

BLACKOUT

## Scene 6

*TIME: Immediately following.*

*The scrim becomes transparent. We see the interior of the library. The scrim flies. MARIAN is seen at desk stamping books. HAROLD sneaks in and places his hat under her stamper. She is startled.*

HAROLD

It's all right—I know everything and it doesn't make any difference.

MARIAN

What are you talking about?

HAROLD

You were probably very young—any one can make a mistake—

MARIAN

*What—*

HAROLD

No apologies—no explanations, please. I'll only be in town a short time and

*(Chuckles)*

the sadder, but wiser girl for me.

ACT ONE SCENE 6

MARIAN

Will you please make your selection and leave.

HAROLD

I have.

MARIAN

*(Looking for book)*

Well? What do you want to take out?

HAROLD

*(Loudly)*

The librarian.

MARIAN

Quiet *please!*

HAROLD

*(MARIAN turns her back; HAROLD whispers)*

The librarian. You're not listening, Marian.

*(He takes a drawstring bag out of pocket)*

Look!

*(He sings)*

Ma-a-a-rian.

*(Speaks)*

Marbles. Six steelies, eight aggies, a dozen peewees and one big glassie with an American flag in the middle. I think I'll drop 'em.

MARIAN

No!

## THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

Shh!

*(Threatens her with bag. Sings)*

Madam Librarian

What can I do, my dear, to catch your ear

I love you madly, madly, Madam Librarian...

Marian

Heaven help us if the library caught on fire

And the Volunteer Hose Brigademen

Had to whisper the news to Marian... Madam

Librarian!

What can I say, my dear, to make it clear

I need you badly, badly, Madam Librarian...

Marian

If I stumbled and I busted my what-you-may-call-it

I could lie on your floor unnoticed

Till my body had turned to carrion... Madam

Librarian.

Now in the moonlight

A man could sing it

In the moonlight

And a fellow would know that his darling

Had heard ev'ry word of his song

With the moonlight

Helping along

But when I try in here to tell you dear

I love you madly, madly, Madam Librarian...

Marian

It's a long lost cause I can never win

For the civilized world accepts as unforgivable sin

Any talking out loud with any librarian

Such as Marian... Madam Librarian.

ACT ONE SCENE 6

*(The BALLET commences in which HAROLD and MARIAN and the READERS in the library participate.)*

HAROLD

But when I try in here to tell you dear  
I love you madly, madly, Madam Librarian...  
Marian

It's a long lost cause I can never win  
For the civilized world accepts as unforgivable  
sin

Any talking out loud with any librarian  
Such as Marian... Madam Librarian.

The Ladies Dance Committee meets Tuesday nights.

*(Opening "marble" bag, he offers it to her)*

Marshmallow?

*(Harold catches MARIAN off guard and kisses her on the cheek. MARIAN is shocked into reality. He stuffs a marshmallow in his mouth and MARIAN has now had it, giving him a round-house slap which HAROLD ducks. It catches TOMMY DJILAS full on the ear. We black out and bring in the Library Exterior)*



## Scene 7

*TIME: The following Saturday noon*

*AT RISE: TOMMY & HAROLD are seen in front of the traveller, Stage Left.*

HAROLD

Well, Tommy, we've had a pretty good morning. Eleven sales out of twelve tries. Tell you what— It's almost noon, you better go home and get some dinner. I'll try a couple by myself.

TOMMY

G'bye, Professor.

HAROLD

Thanks Tommy.

*("76 Trombones" is heard for bridge music as HAROLD approaches a door, Stage Right. It is an impressive doorway. HAROLD rings doorbell. SHINN comes hurrying down the street, goes to door, starts to unlock it— realizes HAROLD's presence.)*

SHINN

Just a minute here. Are you soliciting? You haven't got a license.

HAROLD

Why no, Mayor Shinn, I collect doorbells. This particular specimen has an unusual tone quality that—

ACT ONE SCENE 7

SHINN

Flattery will not avail you. Soliciting is statutory in this county—malfeasance without a permit. Why haven't you been down't City Hall with your references?

HAROLD

*(Stepping down to SHINN)*

Just missed you I—. Mr. Mayor! Your hand—oh no!

SHINN

What, what—

HAROLD

*(Spreads SHINN's fingers)*

That spread of the little finger! It's hereditary!

SHINN

Oh it is—what does that mean?

HAROLD

It means that your son's little finger is perfectly situated to operate the spit-valve on a B flat flugel horn!

SHINN

*(Wide eyed)*

Is that good?

HAROLD

Good! It means that America has at last produced an artist who can flugle the Minute Waltz in 50 seconds.

SHINN

How could I get one of those horns?

THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

*(Quick with order blank)*

Sign here, Mr. Mayor. That'll be seventeen dollars import fee.

SHINN

*(Signing)*

Yes sir. Just think I could'a missed this whole—

*(Stops suddenly)*

I haven't got any son! You unscrypulous flew-by-night, you unflypulous—you be down't City Hall with your By God papers at three o'clock.

HAROLD

You mean this afternoon?

SHINN

I couldn't make myself any plainer if I'se a Quaker on his day off!

*(“76 Trombones” tag hits and fades)*

BLACKOUT

## Scene 8

*TIME: That evening*

*AT RISE: The Paroos' porch. MRS. PAROO is sitting on the porch rocking. WINTHROP is hiding behind her chair. HAROLD has entered at rise.*

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo, do you realize you have the facial characteristics of a cornet virtuoso?

MRS. PAROO

I don't know if I understand you entirely, Professor.

HAROLD

If your boy has that same firm chin, and those splendid cheek muscles—By George! Not that he could ever be really great, you understand, but—

MRS. PAROO

Oh, is that so. And in the name of St. Bridget, why not?

HAROLD

Well—you see all the really great cornet players were Irish—O'Clark, O'Mendez, O'Klein—

MRS. PAROO

But Professor, we are Irish!

## THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

No! No! Really? That clinches it! Sign here, Mrs. Paroo. Your boy was born to play the cornet!

*(She signs in a daze. WINTHROP has followed her and is still hiding behind her)*

Fine, fine. That will be seven dollars earnest money. Nothing more due until the first installment payable at opening of band practice.

*(MRS. PAROO locates money from about her person.)*

Ah thank you. And of course, I'll need the boy's measurements for his band uniform.

MRS. PAROO

His uniform!

*(WINTHROP falls off the porch in excitement.)*

HAROLD

Hello, son.

*(WINTHROP picks himself up and starts to run. HAROLD stops him.)*

Certainly his uniform. And there won't be a penny due till delivery, which gives him four weeks to enjoy, to anticipate, to imagine, at no cost whatever. Never allow the demands of tomorrow to interfere with the pleasures and excitement of today.

WINTHROP

*(Drawing an imaginary line down the outside of his leg)*

Would it have. . . a. . . a. . . ?

HAROLD

A stripe? Certainly, my boy, a wide red stripe on each side. What do you think of that?

*(WINTHROP drops his eyes suddenly and runs off)*

---

ACT ONE SCENE 8

MRS. PAROO

You'll have to excuse Winthrop, Professor. We can't get him to say three words a day even to us. And if you get him to play in the band you'll have St. Michael's own way with you. But if anybody can do it I'll bet you can. Out of a crowd I'll pick you for a hod-carrying, clay-pipe smokin' shamrock-wearin, harp-playin' Mavorneen-pinchin' Tara's hall minstrel-singin' Irishman! Be-gob and be-jabbers! Where are ye from, me bye?

HAROLD

Gary, Indiana.

MRS. PAROO

I knew it! Gar—. Where did you say?

HAROLD

Gary Indiana. In fact Gary Conservatory was my Alma Mater.

MRS. PAROO

Was she now?

HAROLD

*(Aware of Marian's approach)*

Why yes—Gold Medal Class of '05. Hodado, Miss Paroo.

MARIAN

Hodado, Mr. Hill.

HAROLD

Of course! Paroo. I thought the name sounded familiar.

*(Sotto)*

I've tried to see you since the other night, but—

THE MUSIC MAN

MRS. PAROO

He wants to put Winthrop in the band!

MARIAN

We're not interested, mama.

MRS. PAROO

But Marian, the boy might have his father's musical gift. He does have my jaw, you know.

HAROLD

Oh—your husband musical? Well, I'd like to have a talk with him. I'm sure we—

MARIAN

Do you burst in on everyone's home like this? Prying into personal affairs? We're not interested.

MRS. PAROO

Marian!

HAROLD

*(Cheerfully)*

Well, that's one for and one against. Now why not let the boy's father decide?

MARIAN

The boy's father is dead. Anything else?

HAROLD

Oh, I'm sorry. But that's all the more reason why your brother should have something like this—

---

ACT ONE SCENE 8

MARIAN

My brother is a ten-year-old problem child who can't understand why his father was taken away. Would you care to explain it to him? He's been brooding about it for two years. As to your musical tricks, why don't you go into business with some nice carnival man who sells gold-painted watches and glass diamond rings?

HAROLD

Musical tricks? Well Miss Paroo, I hardly—

*(Without response MARIAN exits into house. MRS. PAROO stands speechless.)*

I get the feeling she likes the idea. Oh a little cautious perhaps but I admire that in a woman. Just keep me alive and I'll be back later in the week.

MRS. PAROO

One moment, Professor Hill. About the boy's measurements. I make all his clothes. Sleeve 21, Waist 18, Crutch, 14—

HAROLD

Fine, that's all I need. Now I must get back to the Hotel.

MRS. PAROO

Professor, I do hope you'll excuse Marian. She's not really—

HAROLD

Please. Don't worry about a thing. I'm sure that at heart she's as lovely as yourself. Good day to you, Widda Paroo.

MARIAN

*(Returning to porch with embroidery and slip of paper)*

Has he gone?



## THE MUSIC MAN

MRS. PAROO

He has. And I hope not forever. Darlin' don't you ever think of your future? Gary Indiana Conservation Class of '05—Now darlin'—

MARIAN

Now mama. Surely a girl's future doesn't depend on encouraging every fast-talking, self-centered, woman-chasing travelling man who comes to town. And the fact that he claims his commodity is music does not, in this particular case, impress me.

MRS. PAROO

All right, darlin', all right. Only it's a well-known principle that if you keep the flint in one drawer and the steel in another, you'll never strike much of a fire.

MARIAN

Mama!

*(Calling)*

Winthrop! Winthrop, I know you're there.

*(WINTHROP comes slowly to porch)*

Please go to the library and ask Miss Grubb to give you the book I set aside. It's the Indiana State Educational Journal 1890-1910. It's a large brown volume with black corners.

WINTHROP

Do I hafta?

MARIAN

You won't have to talk to anyone. I've written it all down.

*(She gives him paper. He goes)*

Thank you dear.

ACT ONE SCENE 8

MRS. PAROO

Now what are you up to? Why do you need books at this hour of the night?

MARIAN

I have a feeling the Indiana Journal may help me poke some large holes in the Professor's claims.

MRS. PAROO

Well, I give up. At your age if you don't mind my sayin' so, what kinda white knight do you expect to come ridin' along?

MARIAN

Well, I'm not waiting for Luther Greiner who backs me into the Ancient History shelf every time he comes into the Library.

MRS. PAROO

He does?

MARIAN

Or Ed Gammidge and that buggy of his with the removable back seat. But I'm not waiting for a man in shining white armor either.

*(Sings)*

My White Knight  
Not a Lancelot, nor an angel with wings  
Just someone to love me  
Who is not ashamed of a few nice things  
My White Knight  
What my heart would say if it only knew how  
Please dear Venus  
Show me now.

## THE MUSIC MAN

All I want is a plain man,  
All I want is a modest man,  
A quiet man, a gentle man  
A straightforward and honest man  
To sit with me in a cottage somewhere in the state  
of Iowa.  
And I would like him to be more int'rested in me  
Than he is in himself,  
And more int'rested in us than in me.  
And if occasion'ly he'd ponder  
What makes Shakespeare and Beethoven great  
Him I could love till I die.  
Him I could love till I die.  
My White Knight  
Not a Lancelot, nor an angel with wings  
Just someone to love me  
Who is not ashamed of a few nice things  
My White Knight  
Let me walk with him where the others ride by  
Walk—and love him  
Till I die.  
Till I die.

DIMOUT

## Scene 9

*TIME: Noon, the following Saturday.*

*AT RISE: Center of Town, exterior. ZANEETA is crossing followed by TOMMY wearing "his invention."*

TOMMY

*(Calling)*

...Zaneeta... Hey Zaneeta—  
*(SHE stops and turns)*

ZANEETA

Tommy, papa and mama are sitting right there in the bank.  
Ye Gods!

TOMMY

All right, then meet me after supper.

ZANEETA

I can't. It's Epworth League night. Meet you where?

TOMMY

The footbridge.

ZANEETA

You see? Isn't that just what I said? Last time the lumber yard and now the footbridge. And where will you meet me after that? In the Black Hole of Calcutta? Ye Gods.

## THE MUSIC MAN

TOMMY

I only want to show you my invention.

ZANEETA

What invention?

TOMMY

My music holder for a marching piccolo player. It still has a couple of minor flaws; see, when you keep it tight enough to hold the music steady you cut off the circulation and you can't wiggle your fingers. Meanwhile—

*(He demonstrates how close it would be in playing position)*

You *could* go blind.

ZANEETA

*(Gestures in alarm at Oliver Hix' office)*

Tommy! It's Papa!

*(TOMMY leaves in a hurry as SHINN & EULALIE enter)*

SHINN

Is that the first thing I said, or not?

EULALIE

Yes, George.

SHINN

Yes! The very *first thing I said* or I'll eat hay with the horse! Get that Spell-binder's credentials, I said, morning of Jew-ly Fourth, Nineteen and Twelve. And now look! My wife is off dancing at any and all hours instead of in the home—

EULALIE

But George—

ACT ONE SCENE 9

SHINN

—the School Board is singin' up street and down alley instead of tending to city matters, my oldest girl is boodleing around with some wild kid and my business has fallen off so far I can't find the balance sheet.

MARIAN

*(Entering with brown book)*

Mayor Shinn, I've found something very interesting in this book about Professor Hill's Alma Mater.

SHINN

His who?

MARIAN

His university.

SHINN

I know all about that. In fact, that's the only thing I can ever get out of him—Gary Conservatory, class of aught-five.

MARIAN

If you'll just take time to read a little bit about the Conservatory I don't think you'll have to look further. It's on page . .

*(HORSE MUSIC)*

*(GRACIE SHINN rushes on)*

GRACIE

Papa! The Wells Fargo Wagon is just comin' up from the depot!

THE MUSIC MAN

ALL

*(In hushed anticipation)*

The Wells Fargo Wagon!

SHINN

A likely story! At this hour of the day? Nonsense! . . . The Wells Fargo Wagon?

GRACIE

It could be the band instruments!

SHINN

The band instruments!

*(THE PEOPLE now form, looking up the street listening for the horse's hooves which are now heard plainly in the music.)*

THE PEOPLE

*(Sing)*

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down  
the street

Oh please let it be for me

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down  
the street

I wish, I wish I knew what it could be.

1ST VOICE

I got a box of maple sugar on my birthday

2ND VOICE

In March I got a grey mackinaw

3RD VOICE

And once I got some grapefruit from Tampa

ACT ONE SCENE 9

4TH VOICE

Montgom'ry Ward sent me a bathtub and a cross-cut saw

THE PEOPLE

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' now  
Is it a prepaid surprise or C.O.D.

5TH VOICE

It could be curtains

6TH VOICE

Or dishes

7TH VOICE

Or a double boiler

8TH VOICE

Or it could be

THE PEOPLE

Yes, it could be  
Yes, you're right it surely could be

8TH VOICE

Somethin' special

THE PEOPLE

Somethin' very very special now

8TH VOICE

Just for me



THE MUSIC MAN

THE PEOPLE

O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down  
the street,  
Oh don't let him pass my door!  
O-ho the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down  
the street,  
I wish I knew what he was comin' for.

9TH VOICE

I got some salmon from Seattle last September

10TH VOICE

And I expect a new rockin' chair

11TH VOICE

I hope I get my raisins from Fresno

QUARTET

The D.A.R. have sent a cannon for the courthouse square.  
*(WINTHROP breaks through the crowd and as the people  
turn to look at him in amazement, he sings)*

WINTHROP

O-ho, the Wellth Fargo Wagon ith a-comin' now  
I don't know how I can ever wait to thee  
It could be thumpin' for thumone who ith  
No relathion but  
It could be thump'n thpethyul  
Jutht for me!

PEOPLE

O-ho, you Wells Fargo Wagon keep a-comin'  
O-ho, you Wells Fargo Wagon keep a-comin'

---

ACT ONE SCENE 9

O-ho you Wells Fargo Wagon Don't you dare  
to make a stop  
Until you stop for me.

*(MARIAN pushes her way through the crowd  
to crush WINTHROP in an embrace as the  
CROWD cheers Wagon's arrival.)*

PEOPLE

Ray-yy!

DRIVER

Whoa!

WINTHROP

It'th the band inthtrumenth!

*(HAROLD riding in wagon jumps down, carrying gold  
cornet which he brings to WINTHROP)*

HAROLD

Here you are, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

My cornet! Gee thankth, Profethor!

HAROLD

*(Returning to wagon)*

Men! You will each receive individual instruction in due  
course. In the meantime stay off the streets—get acquainted  
with your instruments and think about the Minuet in G.  
La de da de da de da de da—

BOYS

*(Exiting)*

La de da, La de da.

## THE MUSIC MAN

WINTHROP

Thithter! Thithter! Itln't thith the motht thcrumpthyuth tholid gold thing you ever thaw. I never thought I'd ever thee anything tho thcrumpthyuth ath thith thcrumpthyuth tholid gold thing! Oh thithter!

SHINN

Round one for you Mister Hill, but I better hear some by God tootin' out'a them horns in pretty short order or I'll see you in front a'the grand jury over't the County Seat.

*(Approaching MARIAN)*

Now Miss Marian, about that book—

*(MARIAN tears page out of book as EULALIE calls SHINN)*

EULALIE

Come, George! Tempus fugits.

SHINN

*(Turning to her)*

You watch your frazology. I've got to get something from the librarian.

*(Crosses to MARIAN)*

About that book—

*(MARIAN hands him the book, hiding torn out page.*

*SHINN & EULALIE exit. HAROLD catches MARIAN's look which is changing from gratitude to adoration.)*

HAROLD

*(Coming over to her )*

The Ladies Dance Committee meets Tuesday nights at the High School.

*(THEY hold the look as the Orchestra, with "My White Knight," swells to climax.)*

CURTAIN

END OF FIRST ACT

---

ACT TWO

---

## Scene 1

TIME: *Evening. The following Tuesday.*

AT RISE: *Madison Gymnasium. The Ladies Auxiliary Committee is practicing for the Ice Cream Sociable. MAUD, ALMA, ETHEL, MRS. SQUIRES and EULALIE are dressed in "girls" basket-ball bloomers, black stockings and tennis shoes, Peter Thomson blouses and black hair ribbons. At rise, MARIAN is pumping "Rustle of Spring" at the player piano as the LADIES circle with books balanced on their heads. THE QUARTET is on one side of the stage dressed in Indian regalia.*

EULALIE

Lovely, ladies, lovely. Now turn. Take the body with you. Lovely. Now let's have a try at our Grecian Urns. One Grecian Urn . . . . . Two Grecian Urns . . . . . and a fountain. . . . trickle, trickle, trickle. Splendid, ladies. I predict that our Del Sarte display will be the highlight of the Ice Cream Sociable. Now gentlemen, if you're ready—

*(THE QUARTET comes over and takes positions)*

And ladies, remember—don't make me tell you again. Always keep your face to the audience. All right, Mr. Dunlop.

*(EWART blows pitchpipe. MAUD pops out from behind him, EULALIE motions her back. THE QUARTET sings as the LADIES pantomime appropriately.)*

## THE MUSIC MAN

EWART

It's you in the sunrise, it's you in my cup

JACEY

It's you all the way into town

OLIVER

It's your sweet "Hello dear" that sets me up

QUARTET

And it's your "Got to go dear" that gets me down  
It's you on my pillow  
In all of my dreams  
Till once more the morning breaks through  
What words could be saner or truer or plainer  
Than it's you, it's you

EULALIE

Smile, girls, smile.

JACEY

Yes it's you

QUARTET

Oh yes it's you

MARCELLUS

*(Trying to hold KIDS back at the door)*  
Please kids, Mrs. Shinn will have my head.

EULALIE

Mr. Washburn, we are entitled to five more minutes.

ACT TWO SCENE 1

MARCELLUS

If you think you can hold these kids back, go ahead.

*(THE KIDS burst in excitedly as EULALIE fights her way through them and exits right. THE QUARTET and the LADIES quickly get out of the way)*

TOMMY

Start her up, Mr. Washburn! Wait till you see the new steps Professor Hill taught us.

MARCELLUS

All right! What'll it be?

TOMMY

The Shipoopi!

KIDS

Shipoopi!

*(They form Virginia Reel lines)*

MARCELLUS

Well a woman who'll kiss on the very first date is  
usually a hussy

And a woman who'll kiss on the second time out  
is anything but fussy

But a woman who'll wait till the third time around  
Head in the clouds—Feet on the ground

She's the girl you're glad you found

She's your Shipoopi!

Shipoopi! Shipoopi, Shipoopi

BOYS

The girl who's hard to get!

---

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARCELLUS

Shipooopi, Shipooopi, Shipooopi

GIRLS

But you can win her yet.

MARCELLUS

Walk her once just to raise the curtain, then you  
Walk around twice and make for certain  
Once more in the flower garden  
She will never get sore if you beg her pardon

ALL

Do re me fa sol la si  
Do si la sol fa mi re do

MARCELLUS

Squeeze her once when she isn't lookin', if you  
Get a squeeze back, that's fancy cookin'  
Once more for a pepper-upper  
She will never get sore on her way to supper

ALL

Do re me fa sol la si  
Do si do

MARCELLUS

Now little ol' Sal was a No-Gal  
As anyone could see  
Lookit her now—she's a Go-Gal  
Who only goes for me  
Squeeze her once when she isn't lookin' if you  
Get a squeeze back, that's fancy cookin'  
Once more for a pepper-upper  
She will never get sore on her way to supper



ACT TWO SCENE 1

ALL

Do re me fa sol la si  
Do si do

MARCELLUS

Shipoopi, Shipoopi, Shipoopi

BOYS

The girl who's hard to get

MARCELLUS

Shipoopi, Shipoopi, Shipoopi

GIRLS

But you can win her yet

*(Several COUPLES do specialties, including MARCELLUS and ETHEL, TOMMY and ZANEETA. HAROLD enters.)*

BOY

Come on, Professor, show us some new steps!

*(HAROLD makes gallant invitation to wall-flower MARIAN. She is trapped into dancing with him in Vernon Castle one-step. She shines. Several of the LADIES witness this and rush off with the news. The KIDS all join in again copying the steps HAROLD and MARIAN are doing.)*

ALL

Shipoopi, Shipoopi, Shipoopi  
The girl who's hard to get  
Shipoopi, Shipoopi, Shipoopi  
But you can win her yet

---

THE MUSIC MAN

You can win her yet!  
Shipooopi!

*(As a reprise starts, featuring TOMMY and  
ZANEETA, EULALIE and MAYOR SHINN enter.)*

SHINN  
Take your hands off my daughter!

ZANEETA  
Papa!

TOMMY  
Mr. Shinn, your honor. Your daughter and I are goin'  
steady behind your back.

SHINN  
Why *you*—

TOMMY  
We'd rather do it in front a'your back but—

SHINN  
*Do what?* Never mind!

TOMMY  
Zaneeta's scared a'ya, but I'm not. I should think you'd  
hate to have your own daughter scared a'ya, Jeely Kly.

SHINN  
I'm going to warn you once more. If I ever catch you  
touching my daughter I'll by God horsewhip you till Hell  
won't have it again.

EULALIE  
Now, George!

ACT TWO SCENE 1

SHINN

Not one poop out'a you madam!

EULALIE

(*To ZANEETA*)

I think he means peep.

SHINN

Yes! And now get out'a this public building!

TOMMY

I got as much right in a public building as anybody.

SHINN

Right? How do you get any right around here? Aiding and abetting the swindling activities of this spell-binding cymbal salesman? You know what I see written all over you? Reform School! Now get out! . . . Get out, you wild kid!  
(*TOMMY rushes off*)

ZANEETA

Papa, *please*. It's Capulets like you make blood in the market place. Ye Gods.

SHINN

You watch your frazology young woman. Go home.  
(*ZANEETA weeps and starts off. EULALIE starts after her*)  
Eulalie!

EULALIE

Yes, George, I only—

SHINN

You tend to your dance.

---

THE MUSIC MAN

EULALIE

*(Coming back)*

My dance—

*(SHINN points, she exits)*

SHINN

I'll handle Zaneeta. Takin' up with wild kids from the wrong side a'town—

MARIAN

Mr. Mayor, if I could just make you understand—

SHINN

Well ya can't And by the way thanks for nothin'. I've read that book you gave me from cover to cover for a whole week now and didn't find a thing!

HAROLD

Mr. Mayor, if you please—

SHINN

I'll settle your hash as soon as I get these premises offa' my oldest girl—

*(He starts off, turns back)*

Yes!

HAROLD

All right but in the meantime I want you to know I'm vouching for Tommy Djilas. That boy's got the confidence of every kid in town—you'll be standing in line waiting to shake his hand by time our Band plays its first concert.

ACT TWO SCENE 1

SHINN

By time your band plays its first concert the individual members'll have to foregather in wheel chairs on account of the broken legs they'll get from tripping over their beards. I'll tell you something, my fine young feathered—my feathered young—never mind! Oliver—Jacey—Ewart—Olin!

(THE MEN *quickly attend*)

I want this man's references and I want 'em tonight! Don't let him out'a your sight! He's slipprier'n a Mississippi sturgeon!

OLIVER

Do you mean you want us to get his credentials?

SHINN

Get his papers or get him in jail! Couldn't make myself any clearer if I'se a button hook in the well-water.

(HE *exits, dragging ZANEETA. The men follow*)

MARIAN

(*Hurrying to HAROLD*)

Professor Hill I think Mayor Shinn has behaved abominably and I think it was wonderful of you coming to Tommy's defense.

HAROLD

Oh that was nothing.

MARIAN

Yes it was.

HAROLD

Oh no. A man can't dodge the issue every time a little personal risk is involved—

(*Watching her*)

THE MUSIC MAN

What does the poet say? The coward dies a thousand deaths  
—the brave man—only 500.

(HE *laughs gaily, suddenly turns serious*)

Unfortunately, of course the Mayor was already pretty mad  
on account of his Billiard Parlor. *Now—*

(HE *shrugs ruefully*)

oh, I suppose a recommendation from a musical authority  
like yourself would help but—

(*Leaving*)

I couldn't think of asking you to do a thing like that.

MARIAN

(*Stopping him*)

Why Professor Hill—

HAROLD

You would?

MARIAN

I'd be glad to. I just wish I was a little more informed—I've  
been wanting to talk to you about Winthrop's cornet.

HAROLD

His cornet? Mother-of-pearl keys—

MARIAN

I'm sure it's fine. But you see he never touches it. Oh, the  
first week or so, he made a few—ah—experimental—blats? I  
guess you'd say?

HAROLD

Yes—yes, blats.

ACT TWO SCENE 1

MARIAN

And he sings the  
(*Singing it*)  
"Minuet in G de da" almost constantly.

HAROLD

(*Going to the groups of Ladies and leading them as they sing*)  
La de da de da de da de da. La de da La de da—

MARIAN

But he never touches the cornet.

HAROLD

Well, you see—

MARIAN

He says you told him it wasn't necessary

HAROLD

Well.

MARIAN

He tells me about some "Think System." If he *thinks* the "Minuet in G" he won't have to bother with notes. Now professor—

HAROLD

Miss Marian. The Think System is a revolutionary method, I'll admit. So was Galileo's conception of the Heavens, Columbus' conception of the egg—ah—globe, Bach's conception of the Well-tempered Clavichord. Hmm? Now I cannot discuss these things here in public.

(*Spotting the LADIES who are entering, he backs off*)  
When may I call?

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

Why any night this week—

(THE LADIES *enter as* HAROLD *exits hastily*)

LADIES

Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot  
pickalittlemore  
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot  
pickalittlemore  
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheeptalkalotpickalittlemore  
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle  
Cheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheep  
cheepcheep.

ETHEL

Miss Paroo, please  
join our Del Sarte  
Committee.

ALMA

You were so dear  
tonight dancing  
The Shipooopi with  
Professor Hill.

ALMA

You danced like a  
Fairy princess  
(Slam) (Slam) With a  
Moonbeam for your  
Floor. You had a  
Golden shimmer in your  
Hair and silver  
Shoes for all to  
See (Slam) We  
Know that you will soon unfold a for-  
Giving heart of purest gold  
Here (Thump) where a  
Woman's Heart should  
Be!



ACT TWO SCENE 1

ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL, MRS. SQUIRES

Fairy Princess  
Moonbeam floor  
Golden shimmer  
Silver shoes  
Now unfold  
Heart of gold  
Here (Thump) where a  
Woman's heart should  
Be!

The  
Professor told us to  
Read those books and we  
Simply adored them  
All!

ALMA

Chaucer!

ETHEL

Rabelais!

EULALIE

*(Crossing)*

Bal-zac!

LADIES

Cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep  
Cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep  
Cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep,cheep  
Pickalittletalkalittle CH!

BLACKOUT

## Scene 2

*TIME: The following Wednesday evening. After supper.*

*AT RISE: The Hotel Porch. JACEY, OLIN, OLIVER, EWART, all wearing silver stars, are on the alert as HAROLD is trying to escape them.*

EWART

Sorry, Professor, but we got our orders.

OLIVER

We all been deputized.

HAROLD

Yes—congratulations. Let's see now—you know all week I've tried to give you fellows my references and credentials but every time you seem to get off the subject somehow. Now I have just what you want up in my hotel room—take me a second.

EWART

Sorry. 'Fraid I'll have to go with you.

HAROLD

Yes—well, let's see if I have my key—

*(Finds paper in pocket)*

What's this?—Oh—a testimonial from the only female bassoon player ever to appear on the Redpath Circuit, Madame

ACT TWO SCENE 2

Rini. Her stage name, of course. Actually she was from Moline. Lida Rose Quackenbush.

EWART

*(Reaching)*

Could I just see that for a minute?

HAROLD

*(Hastily pocketing it)*

Oh you'll never forget the name. Lida Rose. Same as the old song.

*(Gets out pitch pipe and blows it)*

*(Sings)*

Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose

QUARTET

*(Instantly jumping in)*

To get the sun back in my sky  
Lida Rose, I'm home again,

Rose

About a thousand kisses shy  
Ding dong ding  
I can hear the chapel bell chime  
Ding dong ding

At the least suggestion

I'll pop the question

Lida Rose, I'm home again,

Rose

Without a sweetheart to my  
name

Lida Rose, now everyone  
knows

*(As the QUARTET starts, HAROLD dusts off his hands, leaves the porch and joins MARCELLUS who has entered Left and is beckoning to HAROLD. They exit Left hastily.)*

THE MUSIC MAN

That I am hoping you're the  
same

So here is my love song  
Not fancy or fine

Lida Rose, oh won't you be mine  
Lida Rose oh Lida Rose oh Lida Rose oh

*(Lights fade out on QUARTET as Paroo Porch  
swings into view Stage Left)*  
*(MARIAN is sitting on the porch steps, MRS. PAROO in  
rocker on porch)*

MARIAN

*(Sings)*

Dream of now  
Dream of then  
Dream of a love song  
That might have been.  
Do I love you?  
Oh yes, I love you  
And I'll bravely tell you  
But only when  
We dream again  
Sweet and low, Sweet and low,  
How sweet that mem'ry  
How long ago  
Forever?  
Oh yes, forever  
Will I ever tell you?  
Ah—no.

*(Lights come up on QUARTET)*

*(MARIAN and QUARTET sing together.)*

ACT TWO SCENE 2

MARIAN

Dream of now  
Dream of then  
Dream of a love song  
That might have been  
Do I love you?  
Oh yes, I love you  
And I'll bravely tell you  
But only when  
We dream again  
Sweet and low, Sweet and  
    low  
How sweet that mem'ry  
How long ago  
Forever?  
Oh yes, forever  
Will I ever tell you?  
Ah—no.

QUARTET

Lida Rose, I'm home again,  
    Rose  
To get the sun back in my sky  
Lida Rose, I'm home again,  
    Rose  
About a thousand kisses shy.  
Ding dong ding  
I can hear the chapel bell chime  
Ding dong ding  
At the least suggestion  
I'll pop the question  
Lida Rose, I'm home again,  
    Rose  
Without a sweetheart to my  
    name.  
Lida Rose, now everyone  
    knows  
That I am hoping you're the  
    same  
So here is my love song  
Not fancy or fine  
Lida Rose, oh won't you be  
    mine.  
Lida Rose oh Lida Rose oh  
Lida Rose

*(Lights fade out on QUARTET)*

### Scene 3

*TIME: Immediately following*

*The Paroo Porch. MARIAN is sitting on the steps in the moonlight. MRS. PAROO is rocking and sewing.*

MRS. PAROO

*(Testily)*

Will you ever stop arguin' with yourself? "Will you ever tell him—won't you ever tell him—ah yes—ah no"—ah fiddlesticks. Just open your mouth and let it come out.

MARIAN

Now Mama—

MRS. PAROO

Now nuthin'. If he ever comes to call again, you see him alone, and if you haven't the gumption to tell him how you feel—

MARIAN

*Tell him?*

MRS. PAROO

Well, there's nothing wrong with a ladylike hint.

WINTHROP

*(Bursting in with a jar of worms)*

Mama!

ACT TWO SCENE 3

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where've you been?

WINTHROP

Fithin'.

MRS. PAROO

Fishing!

WINTHROP

With Harold.

MARIAN

You mean Professor Hill?

WINTHROP

Mm hm. And look I thtill have some wormth left.

MARIAN

Did you have a good time?

WINTHROP

Thcrumpthyuth. He told me all about hith home town,  
Gary Indiana. And he thaid he'd take me there thum day.  
And he taught me a thong that hardly hath any etheth in it.

*(He hands MARIAN the worms.)*

*(Sings)*

Gary Indiana, Gary Indiana, Gary Indiana

Let me thay it wunth again

Gary Indiana, Gary Indiana, Gary Indiana

That'th the town that "knew me when"

If you'd like to have a logical ekthplanathyun

How I happened on thith elegant thinkopathyun

I will thay without a moment of hethitathyun

## THE MUSIC MAN

There ith jutht one plathe  
That can light my fathe  
Gary Indiana  
Gary Indiana  
Not Loueetheeana, Parith Franth, New York or  
Rome, but  
Gary Indiana  
Gary Indiana  
Gary Indiana  
My home thweet home  
If you'd like to have a logical ekthplanathyun  
How I happened on thith elegant thinkopathyun  
I will thay without a moment of hethitathyun  
There ith jutht one plathe  
That can light my fathe

MRS. PAROO

Gary Indiana

MARIAN

Gary Indiana

WINTHROP

Not Loueetheeana, Parith Franth, New York or  
Rome, but—

MRS. PAROO

Gary Indiana

MARIAN

Gary Indiana

ALL THREE

Gary Indiana



ACT TWO SCENE 3

My home sweet home.

(WINTHROP *does a quick dance step on the tag.*)

WINTHROP

(*Grabs his worms and runs into house, reappears immediately*)

I'll be back in a minute. I have to thow Amaryllith my live frog.

(*He runs off singing the "Minuet in G"*)

La de da de da de da. La de da. La de da.

(MRS. PAROO *starts into the house*)

MARIAN

Leave the dishes—I'll do them, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

Don't you have to change for the sociable?

MARIAN

There's time later.

(CHARLIE COWELL *enters left, passes porch, turns back*)

CHARLIE

Shinns live around here somewhere?

MARIAN

The Shinn home is on East Elm. This is West Elm.

CHARLIE

Aw Criminee!

(*HE sees "PIANO GIVEN" sign on porch*)

I see you're the piano teacher in town? You must know about this fellow Hill formin' a boys' band here.

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

Yes.

CHARLIE

Well, don't let it worry you no more. I got the goods on him in spades. Swindlin' two-bit thimble rigger. That's why I got to see Shinn.

*(Pulls out watch)*

I'm just passin' through. Number eight only makes a fifteen minute water stop. Wish it was twenty. Could sure concentrate five minutes on you, girly-girl.

MARIAN

Who are you?

*(SHE rises)*

CHARLIE

Name's Charlie Cowell—anvil salesman. But just now I'm out to protect the good name of the travellin' fraternity from this swindler.

MARIAN

Mr. Cowell, you're making a big mistake.

CHARLIE

Mistake my old lady's corset-cover! That fella's been the raspberry seed in my wisdom tooth just long enough. He spoiled Illinois for me and he's not gonna spoil Iowa! Say, what kind of music teacher are you you didn't see through him? He's no more Professor—

MARIAN

I know all about that. Band leaders are always called Professor. It's a harmless deception. He's a fine director and his scholastic—

ACT TWO SCENE 3

CHARLIE

Fine director? Now wait a minute—Have you heard one note a' music from any band?

MARIAN

No, but—

CHARLIE

But nothin', girly-girl! He never formed a band in his life! And he never will!

MARIAN

If you'll just listen to me for a minute—

CHARLIE

I'd like to—I'd like to do more than that, if I had the time. I sure got the inclination. But I got to get back on that train and I got to leave this dynamite

*(Brandishing papers)*

with *somebody* on the way't the deppo. 'By, girly-girl. See you next time through.

*(Train whistle is heard)*

MARIAN

You'll never make that train at the depot. You'll have to catch it at the crossing.

*(She gestures Left)*

CHARLIE

No *sir*. I've got to leave word. And I can see you ain't the one to leave it with.

MARIAN

Just a minute Mr. Cowell—you—don't know me yet.

## THE MUSIC MAN

CHARLIE

*(Turning back)*  
Is that an invitation?

MARIAN

*(Losing her nerve)*  
No—I meant I don't know *you*, and—

CHARLIE

*(Turning away again)*  
Yes—I'd need more time anyway—

MARIAN

I mean as well as I'd like to—

CHARLIE

*(Turning back)*  
No trouble *there*, girly-girl.  
*(He moves in)*

MARIAN

*(Drawing back)*  
I never met a man who sells anvils. That's something—well—quite different.

CHARLIE

*(Pawing a little)*  
Takes a salesman, I can tell you that. Anvils have a limited appeal you know.

*(Train whistle)*  
What am I *doin'*? I miss that train I'll get fired! And I got to leave word about that fellow Hill!

MARIAN

Leave word with me.

ACT TWO SCENE 3

CHARLIE

Not on your tintype. How do I know you'd deliver these letters?

MARIAN

Try me.

*(Grabbing his lapels, she plants her lips on his. It is a long kiss. The train grows louder . . . We hear off-stage the QUARTET singing "Lida Rose." She struggles free, wipes her mouth in disgust, points L.)*

There's your train! Now run for it!

CHARLIE

*(Furious)*

Why you double-dealing little— Who do you think you're protecting? That guy's got a girl in every county in Illinois, and he's taken it away from every one of 'em! And that's 102 counties! Not counting the piana teachers like you he cozies up to, to keep their mouths shut!

*(As he runs off)*

Neither one of you's heard the last of me, girly-girl!

*(MARIAN stands stunned. QUARTET enters singing and stops long enough for)*

QUARTET

Good evening, Miss Marian.

*(MARIAN still stands dazed, not even acknowledging their presence. They exit singing. MRS. PAROO is heard offstage)*

MRS. PAROO

*(Off)*

Marian . . . Marian!

*(She comes out on the Porch)*

THE MUSIC MAN

Marian dear! Who was you talkin' to just—

(HAROLD *enters*)

Why Professor Hill!

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo! The top a' the evening! Miss Marian.

MRS. PAROO

You and Marian come up and set. I—I've—I've got some jelly on the stove.

MARIAN

There's no jelly on the stove, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

(*Tartly—exiting*)

Well, I'll put some on.

(MARIAN *stands mute*)

HAROLD

(*After a pause*)

Shall we “set” as your mother said?

MARIAN

Well, I . .

HAROLD

You did ask me to call . . . ?

MARIAN

Did I? . . . I didn't mean anything . . .

ACT TWO SCENE 3

HAROLD

Now Miss Marian, I'm not suggesting your invitation inferred anything but academic enlightenment.

*(SHE looks at him quizzically)*

The Think System? I've been by your house to try to explain it to you a time or two this week but there always seemed to be people around—mostly ladies I thought.

MARIAN

Yes, Mrs. Squires and several of the ladies.

HAROLD

I'm glad—wouldn't want anybody beating my time.

*(Laughs) (Long pause)*

You wouldn't? No ma'am... Well, it's evidently not the convenient night. See you at the sociable later.

*(He starts to leave)*

MARIAN

Professor Hill... Is it true that you've—

*(She starts to lose her nerve)*

had a hundred... what I'm trying to say is...

HAROLD

*(Advancing to her)*

Yes?

MARIAN

*(Completely losing her nerve)*

Is it really true that you've developed a... a Think System?

HAROLD

A what? A Think System? Oh—Think System—yes. It's really very simple. As simple as whistling. Nobody has to

---

THE MUSIC MAN

show you how to use your lips in whistling. You only have to think a tune to have it come out clearly here.

*(Pointing to her lips)*

Now just try this yourself, before you ask any questions.

*(He puckers up)*

MARIAN

*(Pulling back)*

I take your word.

HAROLD

Could we sit down?

MARIAN

Are all music teachers as dense as I am?

HAROLD

All music teachers?

MARIAN

I daresay you meet dozens—even a hundred—

HAROLD

Well I—

MARIAN

*(Cutting in)*

Have they all been as fascinated as I have with . . . the Think System?

HAROLD

Some more, some less. One young lady had thought up the same system before I got to her town. She showed me a few refinements . . .



ACT TWO SCENE 3

MARIAN

*(Turning away)*

I see . . .

HAROLD

Have I said something wrong?

MARIAN

*(Turned away from him)*

Please don't let me keep you, Professor Hill. You must have many more important things to do than to explain the Think System to me.

HAROLD

Can't think of a one.

MARIAN

And I must be very dull company for a man of your experience.

HAROLD

Now saaaay . . . where'd you get an idea like that?

MARIAN

One hears rumors of travelling salesmen.

HAROLD

Now, Miss Marian—you mustn't believe everything you hear. After all, one even hears rumors about librarians.

MARIAN

*(Turning on him)*

I suppose you're referring to Uncle Maddy.

## THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD

Uncle Maddy?

MARIAN

Mr. Madison—my father's best friend. No matter what they say he left me that library job so Mother and Winthrop and I would have some security. Surely you don't believe...

HAROLD

Of course not! That's exactly what I'm saying. But why do you think people start those rumors.

MARIAN

Narrow-mindedness, jealousy—jealousy, mostly, I guess.

HAROLD

Exactly. And jealousy mostly starts rumors about traveling salesmen.

*(Catching her off-guard. Quietly)*

What have you heard?

MARIAN

Oh—oh nothing about you personally—just generally—

HAROLD

What have you heard generally?

MARIAN

Just that—

*(He is very close to her)*

but of course, it stands to reason that—that disappointment and jealousy can lead to—I mean—take you for instance—

ACT TWO SCENE 3

your attentions to—to—customers and—and well, teachers  
might easily be misinterpreted mightn't they . . .

*(Frantically hoping for reassurance)*

I mean, now honestly—mightn't they?

HAROLD

Why . .

MARIAN

*(Racing on)*

And, as you say—if another salesman—or somebody were  
jealous—I mean—well, they could be downright lies—  
couldn't they?

HAROLD

*(Confused)*

What could?

MARIAN

Rumors and things.

HAROLD

Why, of course.

MARIAN

It just proves you should never believe everything you hear,  
doesn't it? I mean if you discuss things . . .

HAROLD

Miss Marian, I would be delighted to discuss anything in  
the world with you. But couldn't we do it sitting down?

*(Trying to lighten her mood)*

You do sit? . . . Your knees bend and all.

THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

We could sit on the porch steps.

HAROLD

We could also sit on a large hollow log over't the footbridge.

MARIAN

I couldn't think of it. I've never been to the footbridge with a man in my life.

HAROLD

Just to talk.

MARIAN

I've got to dress for the sociable.

HAROLD

Then meet me there in fifteen minutes.

MARIAN

I just can't—please—some other time—maybe tomorrow.

HAROLD

My dear little librarian— Pile up enough tomorrows and you'll find you've collected nothing but a lot of empty yesterdays. I don't know about you but I'd like to make today worth remembering.

MARIAN

*(Breathlessly)*

Oh—so would I.

HAROLD

The footbridge—fifteen minutes.

ACT TWO SCENE 3

MARIAN

Fifteen minutes.

(*HAROLD exits quickly. MARIAN's voice is suddenly loud and desperate*)

Mama!

MRS. PAROO

(*Coming onto porch*)

What?

MARIAN

I just told Professor Hill I'd meet him at the footbridge in fifteen minutes.

MRS. PAROO

Glory be and the saints be praised it works!

MARIAN

What does?

MRS. PAROO

I been usin' the Think System on you from the parlor!

BLACKOUT

## Scene 4

*TIME: Fifteen minutes later*

*AT RISE: The Footbridge. The Stage is dark. As the traveller opens we see Townspeople crossing the Bridge on their way to the sociable, the QUARTET in Indian regalia, the LADIES in their Grecian Draperies, and everybody dressed in their best carrying picnic baskets, freezers, etc. The Lights iris up to reveal all the teen-age couples in romantic poses. They dance to a waltz tempo version of "It's You" as the last young lady escapes her escort and runs off R. HAROLD reappears, looks for MARIAN, then raps on the bridge with a large twig he is carrying. He conducts with the twig as though he were leading an orchestra. He catches himself, breaks the twig and throws it away.*

MARCELLUS

*(Entering in a rush)*

Hey Greg! The uniforms have arrived! The kids are in 'em already. The people are going to be screaming for music if those kids show up at the Sociable.

HAROLD

Yeah—

ACT TWO SCENE 4

MARCELLUS

*(Handing HAROLD a roll)*

Here's most a' the dough. I got Tommy to collect it. He's trying to keep the kids together at least. Pretending to hold a practice over't the lumber yard.

HAROLD

All right, Marce. Get the rig.

MARCELLUS

I got it!

HAROLD

What time's the freight go?

MARCELLUS

Nine-forty from the junction.

HAROLD

Well it's not even eight thirty yet—

MARCELLUS

Look, you wanta turtle-wurtle around here and get yourself caught in a bunny-trap, you go ahead, but—

HAROLD

Don't worry, Marce. I'll meet you at the Hotel in plenty a'time.

*(MARCELLUS exits as MARIAN enters)*

HAROLD

Miss Marian!

*(They rush toward each other and meet on the bridge)*

You're late.

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

But you said fifteen minutes—

HAROLD

I meant that you were about—well I'd say—about twenty-six years late—took you all this time to get to the footbridge with a fella.

MARIAN

If you want to know the truth it was almost longer.

HAROLD

Oh?

MARIAN

Halfway here I nearly turned back. I suppose I'm not the first person to find it easier to think clearly when not under the spell of your salesmanship.

HAROLD

*(Protesting too much)*

Now Miss Marian—surely you don't think I've been selling *you* anything.

MARIAN

No—you've given me something. That's why I decided to come.

HAROLD

*(Bewildered)*

I don't recall giving—

*(MUSIC under following)*



ACT TWO SCENE 4

MARIAN

*(With intensity)*

Oh yes, you have! Something beautiful. That's why I came  
—and I'm glad! Oh, please don't be afraid that I expect too  
much more. One can't expect a *travelling* salesman to stay  
put. I know there have been many ports of call—and there  
will be many more. But that's no reason for me not to be  
grateful for what you will have left behind for *me!*

HAROLD

*(Beginning to protest)*

Marian—I—

MARIAN

*(Raising hand to silence him, she sings)*

There were bells on the hill but I never heard them  
ringing

No, I never heard them at all

Till there was you

There were birds in the sky but I never saw them  
winging

No I never saw them at all

Till there was you

And there was music, and there were wonderful  
roses, they tell me,

In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.

There was love all around but I never heard it  
singing

No, I never heard it at all

Till there was you

*(Orchestra boils up and over in eight bar  
extension as they kiss)*

THE MUSIC MAN

HAROLD & MARIAN

There was love all around but I never heard it  
singing

No, I never heard it at all

Till there was you.

*(They kiss again as MARCELLUS appears)*

HAROLD

Marian, there's a lot of things you don't know about me—

MARCELLUS

*(Whispering loudly)*

Pssst! Hey Greg!

HAROLD

Excuse me. I'm expecting a cable from Hector Berlioz—  
this could be it.

*(He hurries to meet MARCELLUS)*

Now what?

MARCELLUS

Who's the salesman here? Sounds like she's selling and  
you're buying.

HAROLD

You nuts? I didn't know I'se goin' to be able to leave  
tonight—I had to keep her off balance, didn't I? I told you—

MARCELLUS

Well, she's so far off balance now you can't tell her from a  
cat-boat in a hurricane.

ACT TWO SCENE 4

HAROLD

Listen, Buster Brown, I've come up through the ranks on this skirmish and I'm not resigning without my commission.

MARCELLUS

But Greg—you can't get anywhere right out here on the footbridge.

HAROLD

There's a place over't Madison Park near the sociable makes this footbridge look like the old ladies home. Now beat it. Go get the rig.

*(MARCELLUS exits as HAROLD returns to MARIAN)*

Never a peaceful moment in the music business.

*(Preparing for the kill)*

Now then where were we?

MARIAN

You were about to tell me what I don't know about you.

HAROLD

Yeah—well we really don't have to go into that just now, do we?

MARIAN

No we don't—or ever for that matter, Harold. The librarian hasn't felt much like doing research lately—but she did plenty when you first came here.

HAROLD

*(Slightly apprehensive)*

Oh—about what?

## THE MUSIC MAN

MARIAN

Oh—about Professor Harold Hill, Gary Conservatory of Music—Gold Medal Class of '05. Harold, there wasn't any Gary Conservatory in '05.

HAROLD

Why there certainly—

MARIAN

Because the town wasn't even built till '06.

*(She kisses him, and starts off)*

I'll see you at the sociable.

HAROLD

*(Calling after her)*

You knew all the time?!

MARIAN

*(Returning, she takes out a paper)*

Since July 7th—three days after you came. I tore this page out of the Indiana Journal.

*(She hands it to him)*

It was originally intended to use against you but now I give it to you with all my heart.

HAROLD

But if you knew—why didn't you—

*(MARIAN throws him another kiss as she exits)*

Why you little—

*(HAROLD preens himself as he thinks all this over—enjoying his prowess and his luck—he starts off right as traveller closes in.)*

## Scene 5

*TIME: Immediately following.*

*AT RISE: HAROLD before traveller.*

HAROLD

*(Whistles first phrase)*

*(Sings)*

While 110 cornets played the air  
Then I modestly took my place  
As the one and only bass  
And I oom-pahed up and down the square.

MARIAN'S VOICE

*(Offstage)*

Goodnight my someone, goodnight my love

HAROLD

With a hundred and ten cornets right behind

MARIAN'S VOICE

*(Offstage)*

Our star is shining its brightest light

HAROLD

*(Taking paper re Gary from his pocket)*

There were horns of every shape and kind—

*(HAROLD recoils in a gigantic delayed take—*

THE MUSIC MAN

*struck by lightning—as the realization hits him  
that he is in love)*

Sweet dreams be yours, dear  
If dreams there be.

MARIAN'S VOICE

*(Offstage)*

While a hundred and ten cornets played the air—

HAROLD

I wish I may and I wish I might.  
Now goodnight my someone, goodnight.

MARCELLUS

*(Entering with HAROLD's suitcase in one hand, desperately holding off COWELL with the other)*

Greg, this guy's crazy. He's goin' all over town spillin' everything.

COWELL

*(Screaming mad)*

I'll say I'm crazy! Missed my train—prob'ly lost my job!  
But I got ya now, Hill, and you'll pay! You'd be in the clink  
right now had'na been fer that piana teacher. I told her all  
about you and wha'd she do? Lolligags me around till I  
couldn't get to Shinn! Little dried up man-hungry doxy,  
round-heel fiz gig—

*(HAROLD knocks CHARLIE down)*

HAROLD

Get outa here or I'll kill you, you dirty-mouthed—

ACT TWO SCENE 5

COWELL

*(Scrambling off)*

You bully! I'll stay in this town till you get yours up, down,  
through and sideways! You big blow-off! Why you never  
even knew the territory!

MARCELLUS

Here's your stuff, Greg! The rig's in the alley—Come on!  
Hurry up!

*(MARCELLUS exits with suitcase, as HAROLD stands—not  
moving)*

CURTAIN

## Scene 6

*TIME: A few minutes later.*

*AT RISE: Madison Park. The Ice Cream Sociable. The last strains of "Rustle of Spring" are heard as the LADIES are concluding their Grecian Urn presentation.*

EULALIE

Two Grecian Urns! And a fountain—

*(There is mild applause. CHARLIE COWELL & MAYOR SHINN burst in among the LADIES)*

SHINN

Stop, stop. Listen to this man!

CHARLIE

You gullible green-grass goats! Can't you get it through your heads that you're being swindled out'a your eye teeth right now—this minute? There's a burglar in the bedroom while you're fiddling in the parlor! I'm talking about Harold Hill—road agent—highwayman—pickpocket.

MAN #1

Pickpocket?

CHARLIE

Same thing! He's had his hand in your wallet, Mister, and yours, Madam, and yours, little lady, ever since the first



ACT TWO SCENE 6

moment he came to this town! There's more documented evidence here than you'll ever have time to read! There *isn't* any band, there never *has been* any band and there never *will be* any band! And if you don't hunt this man down right now like a mad dog, there won't be any Harold Hill either! He'll be on the next train out of town.

SHINN

Now will you believe me?

MAN #2

Well what are we waiting for?

WOMAN

I want my money back!

MAN #1

Money back—I want his hide!

SHINN

After him! And when you find him bring him to the school-house. After him!

*(He dispatches various groups)*

Try the low road! Look by the crick! Try the mill! Back a'the privy!

*(The PEOPLE all rush off. The traveller closes. We see WINTHROP alone in front of the traveller. 3 boys cross R to L. The GRECIAN LADIES cross from L to R behind traveller. WINTHROP breaks down and runs off L weeping. MARIAN rushes across from R to L. Two GROUPS cross each other behind traveller, one group going L, one group going R. HAROLD & MARCELLUS rush across from L to R in front of the traveller. Another GROUP including the QUARTET rushes across*

THE MUSIC MAN

*after him, L to R, in front of the traveller. HAROLD & MARCELLUS reappear crossing from R to L in front of the traveller as MARIAN crosses from L to R in front of the traveller. They pass each other. HAROLD stops abruptly, and calls her.)*

HAROLD

Marian! I've been looking all over for you! Where've you been?

MARIAN

*(Rushing to him)*

Harold! I've been looking for Winthrop—he's run away! Please go! Please, Harold, they're even talking about tar and feathers!

HAROLD

I had to see you, Marian—

MARIAN

It's all right! Don't you *know* that? You don't owe me a word—not a word— Please, hurry, *please*—

MARCELLUS

*(Rushing to him)*

Greg—

*(Attracted by off-stage activity, desperately calls in off-stage direction)*

He isn't anywhere around here! Let's try down by the crick!

*(He exits and WINTHROP rushes through looking over his shoulder)*

ACT TWO SCENE 6

MARIAN

Winthrop!

*(Grabbing him)*

*(WINTHROP breaks away but HAROLD catches him)*

HAROLD

Hey, wait a minute here, son.

WINTHROP

*(Struggling)*

I'm not your thon! Leave me go!

HAROLD

Not till I talk to you for a minute.

WINTHROP

*(Trying to fight loose)*

I won't lichen! You wouldn't tell the truth anyway.

HAROLD

I would too.

WINTHROP

Would not.

HAROLD

Would too! Tell you anything you want to know.

WINTHROP

*(Holding still for a minute)*

Can you lead a band?

HAROLD

No.

## THE MUSIC MAN

WINTHROP

Are you a big liar?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

Are you a dirty rotten crook?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

*(Bursting into tears, kicking and squirming)*

Leave me go, you big liar!

HAROLD

What's the matter? You wanted the truth, didn't you? Now I'm bigger'n you and you're going to stand here and get it all so you might as well quit wiggling.

*(WINTHROP finally stops exhausted, stands panting)*

There are two things you're entitled to know. One, you're a wonderful kid. I thought so from the first. That's why I wanted you in the band, so you'd quit mopin' around feeling sorry for yourself!

WINTHROP

*(Sarcastically)*

What band?

HAROLD

... I always think there's a band, kid.

WINTHROP

What' th the other thing I'm entitled to know?

ACT TWO SCENE 6

HAROLD

Well—Actually the other thing isn't any of your business now that I think of it.

WINTHROP

I with you'd never come to River Thity!

MARIAN

No you don't, Winthrop.  
(*"Till There Was You" in B.G.*)

WINTHROP

Thithter! You *believe* him?

MARIAN

I believe everything he ever said.

WINTHROP

But he promised uth—

MARIAN

I know what he promised us and it all happened just like he said. The lights. And the flags and the colors. And the cymbals.

WINTHROP

Where wath all that?

MARIAN

(*Hotly*)

In the way every kid in this town walked around here all summer, and looked and acted. Especially you! And the parents, too. Does Mama wish he'd never come to River City?

THE MUSIC MAN

WINTHROP

Well *you* do, don't you?

MARIAN

No, Winthrop. Now go, Harold—Please.

WINTHROP

*(Bursting into tears)*

Go on, Profethor, hurry up.

HAROLD

I can't go, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

Why not?

HAROLD

For the first time in my life I got my foot caught in the door.

*(Sings to MARIAN)*

There was love all around  
But I never heard it singing  
No I never heard it at all  
Till there was you.

*(They embrace)*

MARCELLUS

*(Entering)*

Greg!

*(Desperately)*

Greg, they're here! That way—that way!

ACT TWO SCENE 6

WINTHROP

Go on Profethor! That way—that way!

*(HAROLD stays where he is as the MEN surround him.*

*CONSTABLE LOCKE takes charge with handcuffs)*

CURTAIN

## Scene 7

*TIME: Immediately following*

*AT RISE: The scene is River City High School Assembly Room. TOWNSPEOPLE assembled. In evidence are the DEL SARTE LADIES and the other program participants.*

SHINN

*(On the podium)*

—which is why I interrupted the program at this point. Rest assured this snake in our bosom would have been misapprehended by this time. Yes! And always remember—

*(Gesturing with packet of papers)*

fellow River Citizians, I can only remind you that I did everything in my power to prevent this dire happening from—ah—happening. Four score—

MAN #1

What have you done to get our money back?

MAN #2

That Professor collected nearly three hundred dollars for uniforms, just tonight!

WOMAN #1

And we haven't even seen them uniforms yet!



ACT TWO SCENE 7

SHINN

He's slippery. I *told* you—

WOMAN #2

I haven't seen any uniform or my boy either, since just after supper!

MAN #3

He's a kidnapper!

WOMAN #3

Fine situation here!

SHINN

Four score—

(CONSTABLE LOCKE *enters and signals to* MAYOR SHINN.  
SHINN's *face takes on a self-satisfied smile*)

Just a minute! Virtue has triumphed! The sword of restitution has cut down Professor Harold Hill!

(HAROLD *enters in custody, MARIAN at his side. CROWD reaction. Several of the MEN rush for HAROLD. CONSTABLE pushes them back.*)

And if there are those, as I have heard, who are melting tar and collecting feathers, I will not say them nay!

MARIAN

(*Rushing up to the rostrum*)

Well I should think there ought to be some of you who could forget our everlasting Iowa stubborn chip-on-the-shoulder arrogance long enough to remember River City before Harold Hill arrived. Do you remember? Well, *do* you? Surely some of you ought to be grateful to him for what he's brought to River City and if so I should think you'd want to admit it.

## THE MUSIC MAN

SHINN

You're wasting a great deal of time here. If there's a person in this hall who does not think this man Hill should be tarred and feathered, let him stand up.

*(The silence is ear-splitting. Then MRS. PAROO stands. Next, ZANEETA, then the SCHOOL BOARD QUARTET, the WA TAN YE girls, the LADIES OF THE DANCE COMMITTEE, finally CONSTABLE LOCKE, and EULALIE.)*

Eulalie, set down!

*(She sits, but at a gesture from MRS. PAROO rises again immediately.)*

And the rest a'you standin' there like a cote a'Shropshyre sheep!

*(They all sit slowly)*

Have you people forgotten how you bought expensive uniforms, technical instruction books and high-priced band instruments? Have you forgotten the clear understanding and warrantee that your children would be taught to play in a band? Well, where's the band? *Where's the band?*

*(TOMMY enters with kids in uniforms too big and too small. He blows whistle. The KIDS hold up their instruments in playing position. HAROLD stands aghast. MARIAN quickly takes a pointer from the blackboard, breaks off a "baton," hands it to HAROLD.)*

HAROLD

*(Looks around desperately, finds no place to hide)*

*(Fervently)*

Think, men, think!

*(He gives the upbeat and leads the BAND in "Minuet in G" as it has never been played before—just barely recognizable. The River Citizens think it's the greatest thing they ever heard. SHINN crosses to TOMMY in amazement—shakes hands with him)*

ACT TWO SCENE 7

ALMA

That's my Barney! That tuba's my Barney!

MAN #1

Eddie! That's Eddie's clarionette!

MAUD

Linus, play to me son, play to me!

MAN #2

Davey, my Davey.

SHINN

*(At cornet solo)*

Mrs. Paroo, that's Winthrop!

*(MRS. PAROO registers thrills and pride)*

*(HAROLD has been standing taller with each exclamation, and now conducts with a flourish; the same inimitable HAROLD HILL of before. SHINN crosses, shakes his hand. PEOPLE cheer. COWELL exits. HAROLD embraces MARIAN.)*

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY